

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

VOL XVII.]

APRIL, 1909.

[No. 2.

LINCOLN AND THE SOUTH

The centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln has turned the minds of the American people with increasing interest to a renewed study of the life and character of the martyr President, the savior of the nation. It is increasingly evident that, on account of the circumstances and time of his death and because of the peculiar relation he bore to the nation, a semi-mythical Lincoln has grown up in the popular mind. The many anecdotes and sketches published immediately after his death are in part responsible for this, but the blame must also be shared by some later, and supposedly better-equipped biographers. Praise unmeasured and unstinted was their chief object, and even had it been otherwise, criticism of Lincoln was, to the North of that time, closely related to treason.

In this misrepresentation, Lincoln has suffered. A man thus deified is apt in time to be robbed of all that makes him akin to mere mortals, and in that very kinship, that identification with the mass of Americans, lay a large part of Lincoln's greatness. He gains nothing in the ascription to him in this way of wisdom more than human, of goodness that might well be called divine. To no one more than Mr. Lincoln himself would such a false portraiture have been unwelcome; to no one would it have seemed more misplaced. An American to the core, he found his greatest fame in representing the people from whom he was sprung. Their virtues, their ideals, were his, and not the less, their faults. He was not the wisest nor the best man America has produced, but he was beyond all doubt the most humanly repre-

sentative. It is no error to call him, as did Lowell, the first American. It was this very fact, this identification with the spirit of the nation, the likeness of his great human heart to the heart of the whole people, which gave him his peculiar greatness, which enabled him to fill, as no other man in our history could have filled, the presidential office in the period of greatest national stress.

Much space and energy, not to mention ingenuity, have been spent in the attempt to prove Lincoln marked from his youth as a child of Destiny. All the truth points to the contrary. Hundreds of Americans of equally humble origin and small opportunity have displayed the equal or superior of any talent exhibited by Lincoln before his inauguration. Those well qualified to judge found in him no evidences of greatness even at a later date. Stanton in 1857 was associated with him in a law-suit and regarded him as "a low, cunning clown." Later he was to call him "the original gorilla," and wonder why Du Chaillu had gone all the way to Africa. He wrote Buchanan in 1861 of Lincoln's "painful imbecility," and even after he became a member of his cabinet is said to have informed a visitor who presented some order from the President, that Lincoln was a "damned fool." Lincoln's comment, thoroughly characteristic, exhibits what may justly be considered a part of his greatness; namely, his power of humorous comprehension. "If Stanton," said he, "said I was a damned fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right and generally says what he means. I must step over and see him." Nor was Stanton alone in criticism. Charles Francis Adams, as late as 1873, said that Lincoln, when he entered upon his duties as President, displayed "moral, intellectual, and executive incompetency." This feeling is also expressed by the younger Adams in his biography of his father:

"Seen in the light of subsequent events, it is assumed that Lincoln in 1865 was also the Lincoln of 1861. Historically speaking, there can be no greater error. The President, who has since become a species of legend, was in March, 1861, an absolutely unknown, and by no means promising political quantity."

Criticism was to be expected from Wendell Phillips, Sumner, Wade, Greeley, Chase, and Thaddeus Stevens, nor is adverse criticism from them necessarily uncomplimentary. But where can a greater failure to perceive greatness, where can a more uncomplimentary, nay, even insulting, estimate of one be found than is shown in Seward's famous memorandum entitled, "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration?"

It is clearly evident that nowhere did Lincoln, before 1861, display anything of real greatness. The debates with Douglas were those of a clever, one may almost say supreme, politician, but they went no further. Lincoln at this time was essentially the politician, and while he never played with principles, he frequently juggled with men. The debates, it is true, were sincere throughout, but sincerity, if rare, is not greatness. The war made Lincoln great, not because it made him anew but because it gave his nature opportunity for expansion, and still more because of the discipline which it gave his character. All his qualities, save his honesty, needed the purification which the furnace of war was to effect to develop the new Lincoln, far different from the old and yet always the same. The new Lincoln had the same keen, almost intuitive knowledge of men, but was softened by a deeper and tenderer sympathy. That beautiful letter to Mrs. Bixby, for example, so natural from the Lincoln of 1864, could not have been penned by the Lincoln of 1861. And so we find the same qualities of leadership, guided now by a new tact, and the same devotion to a cause, strengthened now by a loftier purpose and a willingness to endure personal sacrifice—if need be, to offer himself upon the altar of his country. This change is clearly to be seen in a contrast of the closing words of his two inaugural addresses. The Lincoln of 1861 could say with feeling:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

But the following shows clearly the traces of development under the stern discipline of war:

"The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The study of his life and words leads to the conviction that in his heart, rather than in his brain is to be found the secret of this development. Indeed there is to be found the explanation of his real relation to the nation's history, and the place he holds in the affections of his countrymen. Regardless of war with the Southern States, to him at least, all Americans, North, South, East, and West, were his kindred and fellow-countrymen. His heart held room for all and felt with all. Maurice Thompson, an ex-Confederate soldier, has aptly given expression to this thought, saying:

He was the Southern mother, leaning forth
At dead of night to hear the cannon roar,
Beseeching God to turn the cruel North
And break it that her son might come once more;
He was New England's maiden, pale and pure,
Whose gallant lover fell on Shiloh's plain.
He was the mangled body of the dead;
He writhing did endure
Wounds and disfigurement and racking pain,
Gangrene and amputation, all things dread.

As the years go by this will be increasingly apparent, and more than ever before, it will be recognized that his chief greatness lies in his perfect representation of what is the truest and best American spirit—a devotion to humanity guided by inflexible honesty and animated by lofty purpose.

An interesting and valuable light is thrown upon Lincoln's character by the attitude of the South since 1860 towards the man on account of whose election the Cotton States seceded; at whose call for troops for the purpose of coercion four others joined them; towards the man who wrote and issued the Emancipation Proclamation; and who, more than any other single man, was the cause of national success. This attitude has three distinct phases.

Lincoln first appeared to the South as an opponent of the cherished institution of slavery, declaring that the Union could not exist half slave and half free. Had this not been sufficient, the selection of him by the "Black" Republicans to lead them in 1860 would alone have excited in the Southern people the most intense suspicion and bitter hatred. This feeling, expressed in varying degrees of harshness, was apparently to last until the end of the war, with the one change that the tone of contempt, borrowed from the North in the first instance and always present in the beginning, had entirely disappeared before the end of the war.

The second phase is to be seen in the South at the time of Lincoln's death and during Reconstruction. Nowhere was there pretense of liking or affection for him, nor could such a thing justly be expected. But genuine regret was general, not only at the manner of his death and the consequent danger to

the South, but also at the loss of a leader who was already regarded differently from other prominent men in the North.

The third phase is found in the attitude of the South of today, proud of his Southern birth and blood, gladly acknowledging the debt that the South, not only as a part of the nation, but individually, owes him, and placing him in the same category with Washington as a maker of the nation. The South probably yields to but one other man greater reverence and admiration than it gives to these two. For many reasons the Southern people love and reverence above all others the memory of Robert E. Lee. No man who has yet lived will ever occupy a deeper or larger place in their hearts. But already it is apparent that in the attitude of the new South, Lincoln is nearer to Lee than to Washington. Lincoln, like Lee, appeals to the heart, and so his personality lives.

The questions naturally arise, When and why did this change of sentiment take place? Is it an acknowledgment on the part of the South that the North was right? The attempt to answer these questions is the object of this paper.

During the period since April 9th, 1865, the South has been far less concerned about Secession and States Rights than many persons in the other sections of the country have believed. Those who wore the gray accepted the decision of the God of Battles, and at Appomattox, with their arms, surrendered finally and forever the Southern theory of the rights of the States. Never did they surrender their belief that they had been acting within their rights nor their consciousness of the purity of the motives which had animated them in the exercise of what was to them the unquestioned right of secession. But with this surrender they accepted the change and were prepared to carry out their part in all good faith. The distinction here was not sufficiently clear in 1865 and 1866, to the Northern mind, rendered dense through ignorance and prejudice, and Reconstruction was the result.

Four years of war did much to clear the mind of the Southern soldier and, generally speaking, he was willing at the close to concede to his Northern adversaries, a devotion to duty in taking up arms, equal to his own. A mutual respect had grown up be-

tween the soldiers, and those from the South extended the feeling to Lincoln as they did to no other civil officer of the United States. The first step was thus made towards recognition of the real Lincoln. Unconsciously the South went further and in the thrill of horror at the President's assassination, it was discovered that the man's death as well was a loss, that there had already developed a general feeling that Lincoln was to be depended on for the settlement of the many difficult problems growing out of the war. The question naturally presents itself, Why was this confidence placed in Lincoln? It could not have been because of any belief that he would be governed strictly by the Constitution. His whole conduct of the executive office had shown such a disregard of the Constitution as could, at that period of our history, only be displayed by a great man. Nor was the South at this time placing any great amount of reliance in the Constitution. The knowledge which the South had of the plan of Reconstruction as outlined in the amnesty proclamation of 1863, may have contributed to this feeling, but it was not known to the South if the same policy would be continued. Why then did the South look to him? It can only be explained by the presence of a feeling that he could be depended on to be fair and to be kind, a recognition of the fact that in his heart was infinite sympathy for human distress and genuine feeling for his Southern countrymen. This feeling had been slowly developing before the close of hostilities, but consciousness of it did not come until his death when, in the dread of his successor, execrated and despised as a traitor, the South awoke to a sense of loss. The fact of this unconscious dependence on Lincoln, this confidence that he could settle the vexing question of the restoration of the Southern States, is one of the most significant of tributes, not only to his ability, but even more to his exalted character. To few men has it thus been given to win their enemies.

President Johnson later won the confidence of the South, but it was in the execution of the policy already formulated by Lincoln. An interesting contrast between the two men is to be seen in the 13th exception to Johnson's amnesty proclamation. This excluded from the benefits of the amnesty all persons worth

\$20,000, and was inserted by Johnson, full of suspicion of men of wealth who in *ante-bellum* days had despised and distrusted him. Such an idea could not have found a place in Lincoln's mind and much less could he have put it into execution. Just and fair, on the whole, the policy was accepted in good faith by the South and put into effective operation. Thoroughly in sympathy with the President in his quarrel with Congress, the South nevertheless realized and regretted his lack of tact. Contrast with Lincoln was unavoidable and the belief grew and extended that Lincoln's death was the greatest loss that the South could have suffered. He would have been able, as no other man, to check the radicals in Congress and, failing in that, he could have carried the country against them. Never, too, were his distinctive qualities of tenderness of heart, human sympathy, and fairness of mind more needed in public policy than in Reconstruction, and no national leader had them. Calculating and selfish politics, vindictive feeling, and icy idealistic theory were dominant in the government; with the result that Reconstruction is a blot upon our history. These facts, recognized by those who lived through the dark night of Reconstruction, were made more apparent as time went by and the flood of Lincoln literature made his life, and, what is of still greater importance, his words public property. Lincoln's belief in the natural inferiority of the negro was also not without its effect upon Southern opinion of him during this period. And so the way was opened for the third phase of Southern sentiment as presented to-day.

The generation born since Lincoln's death, lacked from the beginning any bitterness towards Lincoln. The South was full of bitterness — there is much of it there to-day — but it was and is directed against the authors of Reconstruction — most of them, by the way, during Lincoln's life, his severest critics and foremost opponents — and those who would continue that policy. Everything has tended to implant in the minds of this generation of Southerners, reverence for his memory as part of their heritage; to give them a realization of the loftiness of his character, the greatness of his soul. This is in part inherited; in greater part due to study and reflection. The South of to-

day recognizes that defeat was its gain; it regards the Emancipation Proclamation as a second and greater Declaration of Independence. In addition, no Southern man of fair mind can fail to be impressed with the fact that, in sharp contrast to all the other public men in the North at that time, there is no word of Lincoln recorded which has in it aught of harshness towards the South. On the contrary, there are many expressions of good will even in the midst of war. An example of this is given in the following extract from the instructions to Mr. Adams in 1861:

"You will indulge in no expressions of harshness or disrespect or even impatience concerning the seceding States, their agents, or their people. But you will, on the contrary, all the while remember that those States are now, as they always heretofore have been, and, notwithstanding their temporary self-delusion, they must always continue to be, equal and honored members of this Federal Union, and that their citizens throughout all political misunderstandings and alienations, still are and always must be our kindred and countrymen."

What American in 1861, other than Lincoln, was capable of these words?

Another appeal of Lincoln to the South lies in his democracy, for the South is essentially democratic. Then too, in spite of many sectional tendencies, most of them forced upon her, the South of to-day is national, and the Southerner feels a kinship with Lincoln, the American, representative of all the sections. Grady has eloquently expressed Lincoln's kinship to North and South:

"From the union of these [Northern and Southern] colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slowly perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic — Abraham Lincoln."

Probably nowhere in the South is to be found the peculiar possessive affection which marks the attitude of much of the North; the time has not yet come for that and it may never come. Not as yet are statues erected in his honor, but that will

come in the not distant future. With the rest of the united nation, the South will not only honor and revere but will cherish the name of her son, the first American, who, though the leader against her in war, can never justly be said to have been her enemy.

J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON

University of North Carolina.

NEWMAN AND COLERIDGE

One of the Parisian daily papers recently held a voting contest to ascertain who, in popular opinion, was the most celebrated Frenchman. The result, which was overwhelmingly in favor of Pasteur, is significant in its indication of the power of scientific achievement over the modern imagination. In an age of materialism, the ability to control matter, the discovery of new chemical combinations, of new applications of electricity, are all important. Yet in 1890, at the death of Cardinal Newman, the English and American press united in extolling the one man of the century who had devoted his life, his thoughts, his transcendent literary genius, exclusively to spiritual matters. Newman, too, seemed to have captured the popular imagination. Since his death nineteen years have passed. To-day his name is still familiar, but among the majority of Catholics he is little more than an honored name; and among Protestants is regarded as a writer of admirable prose who would have been a great man had he not, from some incomprehensible reasons, abjured the faith of his father and mother. Newman is a great man because, intellectually constituted as he was, he had the courage conscientiously to follow truth as he saw it, whatever the outcome. His entire history is one of growth. His conversion was really at the age of fifteen when he became convinced of the fundamental truths of Christianity. From that year until 1845 he simply progressed.

The student of literature delights in Newman's exquisitely-modulated style, a style as marvelously coöordinated and responsive to suggestion as is the nervous system of the human body, and seldom thinks of the underlying philosophy of which it is the visible expression. The ultra-Protestant thinks of the style as a cleverly constructed mask to cover essential dishonesty of mind and says with Kingsley, "What then does Dr. Newman mean?" This last is perhaps the easiest attitude with which to deal, because it admits that Newman did mean something. It is the careless attitude which exasperates; the mental sluggishness which would neglect one of the most lucid thinkers, one of

the most daring philosophers, one of the most logical reasoners, one of the most fascinating personalities of the nineteenth century. There is much in Newman to admire, much that stimulates, much to reverence. Saints are not so common in these latter days that we can afford to neglect one when he appears. And it is neglect to study his style as style, not as the visible embodiment of his thoughts.

Newman's "conversion" at the age of fifteen has never been sufficiently insisted upon as an important biographical date. "A great change of thought took place in me," he says. "I fell under the influences of a definite Creed, and received intellectual impressions of dogma, which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured." This, granted the boy's temperament, was the first and most decisive step toward the Catholic Church. It was an act of faith, this reception of the fundamentals of Christianity, and on this act all Newman's future reasoning was based. His development was consistent, continuous, bold; unusually receptive of outside influences, yet extraordinarily competent in the long run to separate the true from the half-true. It was a reasoning curiously concrete, founded on two ideas: "I am what I am, or I am nothing," and recognition, in conscience, of the voice of God.

This dependence on the concrete is interesting for several reasons. It is typical of the whole Romantic Movement in literature, a reaction against the abstract philosophy of the Eighteenth Century. Wordsworth, for example, differed from Pope in that he dwelt on the specific, the concrete, the phenomena of matter as the visible expression of great spiritual truths. It was the same attitude that led him to feel in nature

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,

and that led Newman to see, "in every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect—the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God." It was but another aspect of the same dependence on the concrete that made him

write, "It [Truth] has been upheld in the world, not as a system, not by argument, nor by temporal power, but by the personal influence of . . . men . . . who are at once the teachers and patterns of it." The theory is like Carlyle's, that the history of the world is written in the lives of its heroes. To Newman the history of the advancement of religious truth is written in personality. But to him personality does not stop with the individual. It is inherent in the visible Church, the repository of the personalities of our Lord himself and of His Apostles and Saints, as well as of their teachings. This is the reason that he came more and more to regard the Church as the vital exponent of Christianity, the active propagator of truths, of which Scripture was the proof. In the inevitably imperfect lives of saintly men, in the perfect and continuous life of the Church, he saw the argument for Christianity, the reason for its development, its far-reaching influence, its vitality—a vitality not to be found in the impersonal, written Word. This being the case, that the Church was God's representative on earth, the interpreter of God's commands, the living principle of all religion, it became imperative that he should be sure of her sanctity and of her authority. Thus there were at first years of vain endeavor to prove his own Church holy and apostolic; years during which little by little, in sorrow and amazement, he broke away from his prejudices against Rome, and replaced them with reasons in her favor.

To the average thoughtful Anglican this phase of Newman's development is difficult to follow. The English Reformation was not a shattering of dogma, nor even a break in apostolic tradition. It was rather a real reformation, a readjustment of discipline more in accord with the teachings of the Fathers. Since this reformation the Anglican Church appears to them to have been the real bulwark of primitive faith, upraised against the perversions of that faith in the Roman Church. Of this Newman in the end lost sight in his search for infallible personality in the Church corporate. We must remember, moreover, that the most serious changes in doctrine have occurred since 1845 when Newman entered the Roman Church. As a Catholic he opposed bitterly the promulga-

tion of the doctrine of papal infallibility which the Modernists so aptly term "the acme of Protestantism," because it is the supreme example of dependence in individual belief. It would be an interesting but fruitless speculation as to whether Newman, to-day, would have taken the final step.

It is a commonplace of Protestant criticism that had Newman read contemporary German philosophy he would never have become a Catholic, a criticism for many reasons peculiarly inept. His mind was of far too concrete a nature to be seduced by the metaphysical wire-drawing of the German romantics; his feelings were too thoroughly under the control of his reason to allow a sensuous appeal to induce action of which reason did not approve. Most of the German romantics became Catholics, but they became so for æsthetic reasons, because to them the Catholic Church was mediæval, and of such conversion — as we see in "Loss and Gain," — Newman had thorough contempt. Yet this same German philosophy acting on a purely English and reasonable mind was not as antagonistic to really spiritual religion as the somewhat erratic expounders of the might-have-been would have us believe. True it is, that in the case of Carlyle, the German influence, especially that of Goethe, led to violent expression against all forms of dogmatic religion, although not against faith. Carlyle could define better the things he hated than the things he approved. He was destructive where Newman was constructive. But, what is most important, his mind was of a totally different constitution from Newman's and, granted the same influences, the result would have been inevitably dissimilar, as the same light, acting on different chemical substances, produces different colors. In their processes of thought, in the respect they paid to the development of the "illative sense," of unconscious imaginative reasoning, they were strangely alike; in their conclusions not strangely opposed.

One other Englishman, however, was as deeply imbued with German philosophy as was Carlyle; a man, moreover, of a more speculative mind, who in the very arms of this philosophy grew out of Unitarianism into full sympathy with the Anglican position, into enthusiastic acceptance of dogma

and tradition. The parallel between Newman and Coleridge is a far more real one. Coleridge, to be sure, never became a Catholic, but it was on the catholicity of the Anglican Church that he based his hope of salvation. It would be a bold statement to say that he would finally have followed Newman; but surely, when we consider that under the influence of German speculation he progressed as far as he did, and that by many he is considered the source of the Oxford Movement itself, it is still bolder to assert that similar reading would have held Newman back.

Subject to such widely different influences the fact that the methods of thought of Coleridge and Newman were so similar is simply a sign that they were both in harmony with the intellectual tendencies of their time, those tendencies being different developments of romantic idealism. Had not Newman said definitely "I never read Coleridge," the striking parallelisms in thought would make us think that Newman was a student of the older man. Coleridge, for example, in speaking of the Protestant idea of "conversion," points out the dangers of purely emotional acceptance of faith, insists that true faith usually comes gradually as difficulties are pruned away, that it acts like the magnetic needle which points more and more steadily to the pole as disturbing causes are removed. And in this growth the "crutches" furnished by good deeds are needed to lead the invalid sinner to the "perfect health" of belief. So in an early sermon Newman speaks of repentant sinners who "are gradually and almost without sensible effort on their part, imbued in all their heart, soul, and strength with that true heavenly life which will last forever." "One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers in which idle people indulge themselves." Again Coleridge anticipates Newman in his thoughts on religion and the world of science. "Nature excites belief by perpetual revelation. Conscience peremptorily demands it It could not be intellectually more evident without becoming morally less effective; without counteracting its own end by sacrificing the life of faith to the cold mechanism of a worthless, because compulsory assent The organs

of sense are framed for a world of sense which we have; of spirit for a world of spirit which we do not know entire." Wonderfully prophetic is this of Newman's remarks many years later, to the students of the medical school in Dublin: "The physical nature lies before us, patent to the sight, ready to the touch, appealing to the senses in so unequivocal a way that the science which is founded upon it is as real to us as the fact of our personal existence. But the phenomena, which are the basis of morals and Religion, have nothing of this luminous evidence. Instead of being intruded upon our notice, so that we cannot possibly overlook them, they are dictates either of Conscience or of Faith." Thus, also, Coleridge anticipated in large measure Newman's dependence on personality. "In energetic minds," he says, "truth soon changes by domestication into power."

It is merely another way of asserting personality as the main-stay of religion. "We proceed from the self," says Coleridge, "in order to find all self in God." So similarly Newman, beginning with the self-evident fact of his own being, deduces God and submerges his own will in the divine will. Both, in other words, recognizing the will as the spiritual part of their nature, deduce will or conscience in others. Coleridge, in his "Aphorisms on Spiritual Religion," Newman in his University Sermons, especially those on "Implicit and Explicit Reason" and on "The Nature of Faith in Relation to Reason," base their arguments upon this universal consciousness of the inherent spiritual in man. Faith, therefore, is grounded on the belief of conscience in others; this belief, in turn, based on the individual's absolute knowledge of conscience in himself. Newman says, "If Reason is the faculty of gaining knowledge upon grounds given, an act or process of Faith is an exercise of Reason, as being an instrument of indirect knowledge concerning things external to us." Coleridge had said before him, "Unless, then, we have some distinct notion of the Will, an insight into the nature of Spiritual Religion is hardly possible."

To both men it was essential first to recognize will, then to bring that will into accord with the divine will,

represented in conscience. To both, the great and good men of history, through their personalities, were the strongest evidence of faith. To both, this divine manifestation, taken collectively, exhibited the personality, through the ages, of the Founder of our Religion. Each hesitated to argue for the truth of separate articles of faith, the Trinity or the inspiration of the Scriptures. It was enough to prove the reality of Faith as a sufficient answer to objections. In the mind of Coleridge the question never arose as to whether the Anglican Church was or was not the valid repository of dogmas. Had he lived longer this problem might have confronted him as it did Newman. What his answer would have been no man can say, but surely here the dreams of Schilling and Novalis would not have led his reason to Rome, and emotionally he had at home what they had not, a Church claiming apostolic succession and as beautiful in its ritual as was the Roman Church.

These correspondencies, then, serve simply to show that, in their common search for truth, these two Englishmen, acted upon by quite dissimilar reasoning, proceeded together a long distance step by step; that their development was the result of the whole intellectual atmosphere of the time, not of any particular influence. Coleridge, however, was the theorist who had neither the intellectual nor the moral purposefulness to carry his theories to a conclusion. Parallel paths may diverge at any moment. Newman, at least, should be honored for following his vision of the truth steadfastly although it led him away from friends and his own English Church.

Since Coleridge is often spoken of as the typical figure of the Romantic School, and since Newman is so much like him, it is obvious that we must class the great religious thinker also as typical, not, like Milton, as a solitary enthusiast in a jarring world. "A mediaeval ecclesiastic astray in the nineteenth century," he has been called, and except for the verb the phrase is not as misleading, not as contradictory as at first sight appears. Shelley had much of the Elizabethan lyric fervor and also was a modern radical. The picture of the boy preaching the doctrine of liberty in Ireland reminds one inevitably of the young, hot-mouthed enthusiasts of Jack Cade's Rebellion. Scott lived in

an atmosphere of romance, was a Jacobite in theory, but was also a loyal subject of King George. He dispensed mediæval hospitality to modern lawyers and up-to-date farmers in a mediæval castle that was built with the good sovereigns poured by a novel-reading public in the lap of their favorite author. Chatterton produced early English poetry in a modern London tenement. Yet these men by reason of their very inconsistencies were supremely in accord with their times.

Newman, too, was mediaeval — there was something of it in all the Romanticists — an ecclesiastic, full of mediæval reverence for the authority, the catholicity, the apostolic dignity of the Church; but like his fellows he was modern also. He was keenly alive to present-day conditions, to the eager, earnest life of his own times, to the significance of scientific progress, and his aim was to correlate the two ideas. Religion, as represented by the fundamentally unchangeable Church of the Apostles, must be upheld because it was truth. Science must be upheld because it, too, was truth. Often the two seemed opposed but the conflict must be only apparent for there could be no real divergence between different aspects of truth. In this, then, Newman differed from the mediæval ecclesiastics who would have burned Charles Darwin at the stake. The priest of the nineteenth century realized that time would prove or disprove new theories, that among new errors lay yet undiscovered truths. No far-shining reflection from fires in which heretics were burning was needed, in his opinion, to keep the ship of religion from foundering on the rocks of science. Rather would these very rocks make of themselves breakwaters to protect the ship. No less than his brother of the fourteenth century did he bow to the authority of the Church, but he saw in this authority a moral, not a physical force. The truths of religion were elemental, capable of infinite development, of adaptation to all possible phases of human reason. They were, moreover, a necessary check on the vagaries of this reason, a sure support in times of perplexity. Discoveries in science, if real, not chimerical, were no more antagonistic to Christianity than were the developments made within the Church itself — were quite the opposite, in fact, since they hastened internal development.

There is, and always has been a divine economy as there is a human economy in imparting religious truths. Had there not been this economy, development would have been impossible, and as development, historical, spiritual, in personality, was the framework of Newman's theology he was naturally compelled to accept the economy as its corollary. In this acceptance lies one of the Protestant's chief grievances. The very word "economy" in religion seems to him to have some sinister meaning. Newman's doctrine was not one imposed upon him by the Catholic Church but was, instead, one which he later found consonant with Catholic teaching. Briefly it was this: In the Christian revelation enshrined in the New Testament were given the essentials of dogma. Primitive Christians were like children; they understood the truth only dimly and in part. As years to the child, so were centuries to the Church. As each year brings new knowledge to the child so each century brought new knowledge to the Church. The child begins life encompassed by the great truths of existence; the Church began life encompassed by the eternal verities of religion. The child, as it begins to reason, grows inwardly in knowledge; the Church, as it began to reason, grew inwardly in wisdom. To the child the light of the sun finally resolves itself into the multitudinous facts of light as the source of life; to the Church the truth of the Incarnation finally resolved itself into the multitudinous aspects of God's love. The child stumbles on some naked truth which it cannot comprehend and its father suppresses the thought until the little mind can take in its meaning; the Church comes face to face with some unexpected law of science and the supreme authority withholds knowledge of the law until the members have grown in wisdom so they can fit it into its proper place in the scheme of religion. As the child grows older the father withdraws his authority, allowing the man to meet and conquer difficulties for himself, strong in his inbred righteousness; as the Church has grown older the supreme authority has had to intervene less and less often, knowing that the members have so grown in wisdom that they can meet new truths and force them unaided into their proper relations. The economy of God is divine, of the parent human;

both are founded on knowledge of the heart, and of the intellect; both wish to prepare the growing mind for adequate reception of the truth. When the youth, for example, catches from a chance word, uttered perhaps by an ignoble man, some sacred fact concerning the origin of life, the wise father embraces gladly the opportunity it gives him for explanation. So when a Christian meets in the writing of a scientist some fact concerning geology or natural history, the all-wise Church accepts gladly the opportunity to explain the new truth in the light of Christian dogma. Only when the mind is immature is there hesitation in either case. Such was Newman's doctrine of the economy. It is the old reliance on personality carried out in exquisite detail. It was, although not as clearly stated, the idea Coleridge had held, that faith must often accept as truth facts with which human reason is incompetent to deal. He, like Newman, recognized the difference between the reason which accepts and the reason which defines.

It is impossible in either Coleridge or Newman to get away from the concrete. Subtle as was their reasoning it was never abstract in the sense that it omitted concrete proof. They thought in similes, and the similes were the realities of life, in Newman's case often of his own life, though seldom so specified. The result was, that because to Newman religion was alive, it was possible to bring it into harmony with the best among the chaotic impulses of the world. Religion was a giant that had been asleep during the eighteenth century, and that had awakened in the nineteenth, not to the proverbial inertia of the giant, but rather alert, keen-eyed, kindly and yet with "the strength of ten." It was no dead machine, bound to be thrown out of order by the introduction of foreign matter, but a vital and vitalizing organism, capable of absorbing and of giving out, of turning all things to its own uses, of crushing if necessary, but preferring to assimilate, certain that in the process the poison would be thrown out and only the nutritious remain. The giant of science was not its enemy but its long unsuspected friend. All things must bow to its will because that will was divine and because its fiats were just. Evil was its only enemy and at last even the powers of evil would be brought

into subjection. For a time they might lop away a limb but a new would grow in its place and the old one wither, cut off from the source of life. And this source of life, what was it but the spirit of Christ invigorating His Church from the beginning; the mighty, pulsing heart of His chosen representative? But here Newman thought beyond Coleridge. No more than the human heart would this divine heart send the vital element coursing through the veins of a separated member. The *Via Media* was an attempt to prove the Anglican Church the true representative of God. The "Essay on Development" led its author to transfer his allegiance to Rome. He could not escape the logical cogency of his own arguments.

Consciously or unconsciously, then, the framework of Newman's reasoning was analogy, and such reasoning is always largely an act of the imagination. This detracts not at all from its validity. The greatest achievements of men have had their origin in the imagination—as distinguished, of course, from the fancy. This was the power which enabled Newman to grasp intuitively the significance of a vast and apparently disconnected series of facts, to penetrate the inmost meaning of events of history. His method was historical, one phase of that marvelous school of history which sprang into being early in the last century. It was a combination of the deductive and of the inductive. He took a sentence from a Father, a decree from a Council, a papal pronouncement, and from these established a position. It was not final. His whole attitude was, "Is not this a reasonable ground?" If the position proved untenable, no harm was done. No assertion of finality had been made for it and even in retreat something new was learned; the thinker had gained sight of new vantage points which might prove of service. Newman's intellectual career was therefore one of bold attacks and equally bold retreats; very different from and far more illuminating than the stolid advance of the unimaginative man who hesitates, weighs possibilities in the balance of pure reason, never raises his eyes to the sun-warmed heights. The analogy expressed in the sermon on "Implicit and Explicit Reason" serves admirably as an explanation of Newman's own manner of thinking. "One fact may suffice for

a whole theory; one principle may create and sustain a system; one minute token is a clue to a large discovery. The mind ranges to and fro, and spreads out, and advances forward with a quickness which has become a proverb, and a subtlety and versatility which baffle investigation It is not too much to say that the stepping, by which great geniuses scale the mountains of truth, is as unsafe and precarious to men in general, as the ascent of a skillful mountaineer up a literal crag. It is a way which they alone can take, and its justification lies in their success Reasoning . . . is a living spontaneous energy within us, not an art." Such was Newman as a thinker—and even so he brings us again to the idea of "living energy," of personality.

Finally it must be admitted that all who were fortunate enough to know the man, that all who in this twentieth century, strive to know him through his writings, find complete vindication of the theory which was the very core of his work, in the moving fascination of his personality. The friends who knew him loved him; his auditors were entranced by the quiet, somewhat monotonous voice that fell like a caress from the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford, and later from that in the chapel of the Birmingham Oratory. The impulsive energy of Hurrel Froude was restrained and clarified in his companionship. The serene and scholarly Keble was roused and strengthened by his example. The gentle Ambrose St. John regarded him as a father and as a brother, as a rock of refuge which no storms could touch. All those who took the trouble to know him, whether they differed from him or not, loved him as man. And this fascination was not passive self-surrender. He made men think; he made them act. Why? Newman was living like King Arthur or St. Francis of Assisi to us in this twentieth century, remote; and yet, like these, he touches our very hearts.

In a worldly sense he was a lonely man. In a spiritual sense he was a man self-absorbed yet at the same time swallowed up in God. In the most secret chamber of the soul of every man there is a shrine from which even the closest earthly friends are excluded. Sometimes this shrine is naked and dark; then in-

deed a man is lonely. Sometimes an earthly love profanes it; then perhaps the man imagines himself happy—but it is tortured happiness. Fear of dishonor, of love grown cold, of death, flashes across his vision and he can find no peace. Sometimes, however, there appears a man like Newman who admits God to this secret chapel; who keeps the floors and the walls and the ceiling burnished; who lights the altar with candles and swings the incense perpetually. To such a man there is no fear of dishonor, of love grown cold, of death. To such a man comes “the peace which passeth understanding.” Companions may complain that they are not admitted to closest intimacy—but should a man be jealous of God? In the case of Newman, men opened their whole hearts to him and he responded, keeping locked only the door of the sanctuary. He had the good fortune to be understood and therefore to be revered as well as loved. He lived in a holy isolation, not in loneliness of spirit, and whatever his struggles may have been he had always that inward peace which came through faith that God dwelt in him, that the voice of conscience was an echo of that “still, small voice” which spoke to Elijah. He might be “fierce” as he says he was; he might be bitterly ironical; he might sometimes appear to hesitate. His friends knew that the “fierceness” was caused by the imperious demands of that inner voice; that the irony was a God-given weapon; that the hesitation was the period of silence during which he listened for the word. Years passed before Newman was sure that he had found the haven. Owing to his reliance on conscience he did not distrust himself. He felt also that there were and had been others who had been divinely led and who, more perfectly than he, had excluded the wranglings and tumult of the world. Such men he found in the early fathers and when at last it became clear that, as God had spoken in their hearts, He had spoken in the hearts of saintly men in the Church of all ages; when in addition to this he became convinced that the leaders of the Reformation had drawn away from that voice, there was but one course for him to follow. In 1845 he entered the Catholic Church and from that time the rare sweetness of expression be tokening spiritual peace, the sweetness that only his closest

friends, in the times of strife and misunderstandings, had seen and marveled at, became the dominant note in that supremely intellectual face.

Such, and much more, was Cardinal Newman, the most profound religious student of the century and the writer of perhaps the most delicately modulated prose in the language. His life, his thinking, his writing, were rounded out and complete. Pathetically different is the picture of Coleridge. Where Newman thought to a conclusion, Coleridge left his work half finished, chaotic in its incompleteness. Where Newman gave as much of himself to his friends as he could and gave for their good, Coleridge talked for his own pleasure and was selfishly absorbed. "Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battles; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there." Newman, even in retirement, never escaped from the battle except to commune with his own soul and even then was ready always with a helpful word and a brave thought. He was always noble in life; Coleridge was sometimes ignoble. The two never came into contact. The work of Coleridge never consciously influenced Newman. And yet the two, one gropingly, the other surely, thought the same great thoughts, had the same uplifting aspirations. If Newman never read him, others in Oxford did, and perhaps without those stirring fragments the leader of the Oxford Movement would not have moved the people as he did. No man can explain the beneficent, unconscious inter-relations of history, the impulses, arising seemingly out of nothing that sets a man to prepare the way for another whom he will never know and who will hardly hear of him.

W. R. CASTLE, JR.

Harvard University.

"THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN"

The last time I had occasion to use one of those curious assortments of books that do duty for a ship's library, some whim caused me to take out "The Heart of Midlothian." I had not read it for many years, and beyond the names of the two Deans sisters and the nature of the offence for which the younger was imprisoned, I scarcely recalled a feature of the story. Perhaps the facts that I had recently re-read with much pleasure "Old Mortality" and that "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Quentin Durward" and "Ivanhoe" were fairly fresh in my memory, had something to do with my choice of a book which my vague recollections and my general knowledge of critical opinion, led me to regard as one of the very best of the seedy-looking volumes of fiction that offered themselves for my delectation. Perhaps too my choice was partly determined by some conversations I had lately been having with a charmingly healthy-minded man who had frequently expressed his great admiration for Scott. The main point, however, is not why I re-read "The Heart of Midlothian," but that I did re-read it and that I want to say something about it.

If I am not mistaken, Mr. Andrew Lang has somewhere given as a receipt for culture of a certain type, the maintenance of a profound contempt for Scott and a complete ignorance of everything else. It is certainly a convenient and a widely-used receipt. But, unfortunately, people who know a good deal about some things often make use of half of Mr. Lang's receipt. They either have a contempt for Scott themselves, or they speak of him and of writers of his kind, such as Cooper, in a loose fashion which induces in less intelligent persons that profound contempt to which Mr. Lang sarcastically refers. When university presidents emphasize Scott's wholesomeness as a writer for boys and fail to add that they themselves would be wiser and not sadder men if they re-read him every year, they do not very greatly advance the interests of mankind. When modern novelists compare that product of a century's coöperate labors, the succinct, well-organized novel of our times, with the somewhat

amorphous product of Scott's day and generation, without giving us reason to suppose that they have ever studied the evolution of any category of art and learned to distinguish the temporary from the essential, the contributions of genius from those of mere talents, the cause of criticism is scarcely subserved. Finally, when the excessive reading of the Waverley Novels supposed to have been indulged in by the Southern people, is seriously treated as one of the causes that led to our Civil War, an admirer of Scott may be pardoned if he wishes that good Sir Walter's fame were safely locked up in Greek characters. Some one will soon be saying, if indeed some one has not already said, that the King James Version beheaded Charles the First.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that, although Mr. Lang, when he gave vent to his laudable sarcasm, probably had some of his fellow Britishers in mind, what I have been saying is not necessarily intended to apply to them. Perhaps, however, the most completely naïve statement I ever heard made about Sir Walter was one vouchsafed to me by a well-known English critic. He was a great admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson, the news of whose death had reached England not long before. Scott had not been mentioned by us, but Sir Walter was a dead Scotchman who wrote stories and poems, and so was "R. L. S." Comparison was inevitable and in the height of his loyal enthusiasm, the Englishman exclaimed to me: "I tell you, Stevenson was a greater writer than Sir Walter Scott."

There was no scene, not even an argument. I was the younger man and a stranger, and to tell the truth, it was not Sir Walter Scott who in those days was the god of my literary idolatry—he never has been—and of any leanings to the Stevensonian cult I was as innocent as a new-born babe. There was no reply to be made and the conversation took another turn; but I thought a great deal about that enthusiastic statement, and I have never forgotten it. I have no doubt that it has been made many a time by persons of a certain degree of sophistification, most of whose reading has been done within the last ten or fifteen years and has been confined in the main to modern writers. It is in some respects an entirely natural and an easily

explicable statement; but it is none the less, from some points of view, exceedingly naïve.

I have no intention of saying anything derogatory to that interesting and attractive writer whom the English critic pitted against Scott. In the matter of careful style he could certainly have given Sir Walter some very useful lessons. But this is not saying a great deal. There are numerous sentences in "*The Heart of Midlothian*" which could be easily improved by many of the students now taking courses in English composition under my colleagues at Columbia University. With Scott's methods of work, infelicities of style were inevitable, but most of them could have been eliminated with but little trouble if they had seriously disturbed him or his readers. That they did not greatly disturb either is partly due to the facts that modern English prose was hardly a century and a half old when Scott wrote, and that formal instruction in English composition and in the history and criticism of English fiction was scarcely dreamed of. Stevenson was the product of a much more self-conscious era than that of the later Georges, and in consequence he was a better writer in many particulars than Sir Walter ever was or could have been. This is very far, however, from saying that he was a better writer in the most essential particulars — that his style was weightier, more dignified, more adequate than Scott's style at its best. There are sentences, paragraphs, and whole pages of "*The Heart of Midlothian*" which the young persons who study English composition under my colleagues would not hesitate to rewrite, but which I am inclined to think they would not improve. I must hasten to add that I am far from wishing to speak disrespectfully of the niceties of style now that Pater and Stevenson by writing have made life worth living; yet is it not written, or ought it not to be written, that man does not live by ambrosia alone?

But the Englishman did not say that Stevenson was a better writer than Scott; he said that he was a greater writer, and I have called the remark naïve. It is naïve because it illustrates so aptly the innocent and childish propensity to think that what we like much and know well must be great because it greatly impresses us. There are many reasons why certain modern

writers should impress sophisticated readers more profoundly than old fashioned writers of far larger calibre can possibly do. Unless, however, an author has appealed to all classes of readers through a fairly long period of time, it is merely a sign of enthusiasm, not an exercise of the judgment, to call him great in any absolute sense of the epithet. And to compare a writer of such limited appeal as Stevenson with one of such world-wide and long-tested appeal as Scott, ought to be possible only to those ingenuous persons who speak in response to the dictates of a transcendental inner voice, or mistake—to paraphrase Tennyson—the thin murmur of their little circle for the deep-toned utterance of the world of men.

But I started to say something about "The Heart of Midlothian," and that admirable story is surely better worth talking about than the opinions some people are pleased to express with regard to Scott's genius.¹ Whether it is the greatest of all the Waverley Novels is a rather unimportant question which cannot be authoritatively answered; but there can be no doubt that "The Heart of Midlothian" ranks near the top, and that, when such a book is not certainly a writer's best, that writer possesses a high and copious genius. That it is well constructed from our modern point of view can scarcely be maintained with any justice, for one's interest is bound to flag after Jeanie obtains favor in Queen Caroline's sight, and that happens in the thirty-seventh chapter of a book which contains fifty-two. And Scott had not the excuse that he was furnishing a chapter to every number of a weekly for an entire year. He did have a

¹ Even in France where Scott had the extraordinary fortune of practically creating a new genre of fiction and of influencing for awhile the writing of history, young people find it in their hearts, according to M. Anatole France, to say unpleasant things about their benefactor :

"*Et voici qu' à un tournant de la conversation, nous nous rencontrons nés à nez avec Walter Scott, à qui mon jeune dédaigneux trouve un air rococo, troubadour et dessus de pendule.*" Ce sont ses propres expressions."—*Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard.*

One likes young people, however, no matter what they say. It is less easy to preserve one's equanimity when older people talk as though they had drunk of the fountain of perpetual youth, which, I take it, is kept constantly supplied by the streams of ignorance and enthusiasm. See our recent centenary literature *passim*.

certain normal amount of space to fill, however, and he was writing for a leisurely public which was interested, as he was, in pictures of Scottish life and manners and was distinctly prepossessed in favor of such exemplary narratives as bestow upon virtuous characters fitting rewards and bring due punishment to the wicked.

The closing chapters of "The Heart of Midlothian" perform excellently the services required of them in the economy of the older fiction, and even if the Duke of Argyle does play in rather too extravagant a manner the part of a fairy godfather, and although the transformation of Effie into a lady of fashion, and the fates of her husband and her son might surely have been more succinctly presented, it is always possible for us to do a little skimming and always incumbent upon us to remember with gratitude the quite extraordinary powers of characterization and narration lavishly displayed in what may fairly be called the story proper. And if, O rigid reader, you refuse to make these allowances in the case of "The Heart of Midlothian," pray tell me whether you consistently decline to make them in the case of "Vanity Fair"?

As to the characters, Jeanie and her father, Douce David Deans, are among Scott's very best and they would be a credit to Balzac. Douce David is more thoroughly analyzed than Mause Hedrige in "Old Mortality," but he is not on that account or on any other more effective. Nevertheless he plays his part well, and as for the elder daughter, even "Old Mortality" itself can show no such noble central figure. To appreciate her is an education — especially in the essentials of democracy. Her lover, Butler, is perhaps not much more than exemplary, and that amusing wooer, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, may verge upon a caricature, as may also that wordy ass, Mr. Bartoline Saddletree. Effie is well sketched, and Jemmie Ratcliffe is a really masterly minor personage. Madge Wildfire is striking enough to make it at least possible to argue that she is the creation of a vivid and truly dramatic imagination; but certainly her mother and Effie's lover, George Staunton *alias* Robertson, are not without a touch of melodrama. And I have said nothing of Mrs. Saddletree, Plumdamas, Mrs. Howden, Miss Damahoy,

Sharpitlaw and other characters, who illustrate Scott's humor, his knowledge of human nature, and above all that lavishness of genius which is one of the characteristics that link him with the master-writers of the world.

The narrative from the second to the fortieth chapter needs fewer apologies than we have to make for most of our older novelists. The Porteous Riot fixes our attention upon the Tolbooth, the unruly populace of Edinburgh, and the harsh laws and ill-repressed passions of the epoch, and we are thus prepared to watch with sympathetic interest the development of the tragic drama of which the frail and beautiful Effie Deans is at first the central figure. Perhaps here and there a modern novelist would knit his threads more deftly, but, take it on the whole, the first half of the story moves steadily and impressively onward. For more than a hundred pages, let us say, from the twelfth to the twenty-fifth chapter, it would be difficult, I think, to point to any better manifestation of the various powers that go to the production of great fiction. And it is needless to say that the good chapters do not cease with those that set before us so forcibly the trial in which Jeanie will not deviate a hair's breadth from the truth even to save her sister's life. Jeanie's preparations for her journey, her interview with Dumbiedikes, her parting with Butler — all this is admirably done; and equally admirable are the chapters that describe her interviews with the Duke of Argyle and with the Queen. Whether her adventures with the thieves, and in the rectory of Mr. Staunton, maintain so high a level may very well be doubted, and as we have seen, it is not everybody now-a-days who is likely to be interested in the later chapters — in the descriptions of Douce David's controversies with Duncan of Knockdunder or in such an episode as the forcible installation of Mrs. Dutton in the shallop. This episode serves, however, to remind us that, even if the interest does flag here and there in not a few of the novels that have been handed down to us as classics, it is always possible to trained minds to receive instruction and entertainment from books which have satisfied the needs and desires of several generations of readers, and to perceive in such works clear proofs of the progress the human mind is steadily making.

toward its uncomprehended goal. The somewhat unexhilarating description of Mrs. Dutton's vain endeavors to avoid entrusting her tender person to the mercies of the waves, reminds us how far, even in Scott's day, British fiction had advanced beyond the coarse horse-play of Sir Walter's fellow-countryman, Dr. Tobias Smollett.

W. P. TRENT

Columbia University, New York.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LETTERS FROM ITALY

Benedict Leonard Calvert, Jr., son of the Fourth Lord Baltimore, was a scholarly youth, whose early death of consumption, prevented his accomplishments from reaching their maturity. He studied at Oxford, and there became the intimate friend of Thomas Hearne, the well known antiquary, although the latter was many years older. After leaving Oxford, Calvert was allowed, by his elder brother, to spend several years in travel on the continent of Europe, and was then sent as Governor of the Province of Maryland, a position which he held during the last four years of his life. Drafts of some of Calvert's travel letters home from Italy, while he was making the Grand Tour, have fortunately been preserved and are here printed through the courtesy of their owner, R. S. Morris, Esq., of Philadelphia. A number of other papers left by Calvert are being printed in the Maryland Historical Magazine, the first installment appearing in the number for September, 1908.

Calvert was a cultured, high-minded man, with a great love for antiquities, and his letters furnish us an interesting picture of what such a man found in Italy two centuries ago. All the letters were probably written to his elder brother, Charles, Fifth Lord Baltimore.

BERNARD C. STEINER.

Baltimore, Md.

I.

Naples, Aug. 1724.

I am sensible you have before this time expected some account of my Entertainment at Rome, wch I should not have deferred from any other motive than pure necessity. My time at Rome was so much taken up in seeing that it could not be Employ'd in writing, I made haste from Leghorne to Rome to be there in the Holy week, the Ceremonies of wch generally draw travellers there in that season but the Pope being dead and the Cardinals in Conclave there was an Entire cessation of all those functions in yt week—of the Progress of the Conclave and the Election of the new Pope I have already writ to you, wch I am afraid came not so soon to yr hands as it might have done by ye negligence

of ye servt by whom I sent it to the Post house who put it into the wrong post, but I hope it has found its way into England long before this. For Some time after a man comes to Rome, he knows not wch way to turn himself amidst Such an Infinite Variety of Curiosities, where to begin, or wt method to Observe; and Certain it is that 3 months even wth good husbandry of the time, is only Sufficient for a Cursory view of that City. And since Modern Rome, can afford such Entertainment wt must the Ancient City have done, it is like a Phenix risen from ye Ashes her Parent the Old one. What Glorious Ideas of Magnificence dos the very Ruins give us, wth Just reason Sd St. Austin in his days, that he wished for 3 things—to see Christ in ye flesh, to hear St. Paul preach, and to see Rome in its Glory.

Rome had certainly arrived to a Great degree of Grandeur before the declension of the Commonwealth, during wch time the more necessary works were done as Temples, Walls, bridges, highways, Aquaducts, &c, but ye Empire it received its Magnificence, partly from ye Goodness, vanity and Luxury of the Emperours; for ye Amphitheatres, Circuss and Baths, tho of publick benefit and diversion, yet the superfluity of riches in them may be thought rather for Ostentation than Use. This is a natural judgment to make in this Age, but when wee consider Rome as ye seat of Universal Empire, it is less Surprising, Since Every region of the world, contributed their different riches to aggrandize that one City. Hence the Grandeur, Magnificence and populousness of yt City, wch a Certain Author justly Called an Epitome of ye World. To Observe the Rise and progress of this famous Metropolis, would be to fill Volumes not letters, therefore I shall Confine myself, to describe to you Old Rome as it now appears in Ruins. Old Rome stood on 7 Hills but ye present on more, not that it is larger but the Ruins of ye Old have raised several hills where before there were none; This rubbish has raised the City in most places 19 feet higher than it was anciently. The present Walls wch go round greatest part of the City and may be traced around the Whole, have stood many hundred years. When they were built is Uncertain for Belisarius only refitted them after the irruption of the Goths under K. Totila, in ye reign of the Empr. Justinian. Most authors seem to agree that the walls of Rome were never of greater Extent than these of wch. wee see the ruins at present; which

has given great reason to dispute the credit of some Authors who say that within Rome were Contained 6 or 7 Millions of inhabitants, wch of its self being incredible from ye Circumference of the Old walls is impossible. But to me the mistake seems to lye in the Interpretation of such Authors, for they that speak of Millions of Citizens certainly include those who were Citizens of Rome and yet lived in other Countrys, and those that mention the Inhabitants of Rome include the suburbs as well as the City wch many Authors make indeed bigger than the City it self. This seems to be the only way to reconcile so great a difference between Ancient & Modern Rome, as to its Inhabitants. The Walls are built of large square Stones wth Battlement & Cover after the Antique manner arched within, like a piazza wch was very convenient to shelter the soldiers.

By these ruinous Walls its playn the City within them was not above 14 miles in Circumference, and then considering the prodigious number of Publick Buildlings the number of Inhabitants seems likely to have been greater in the Suburbs than in ye City. Certainly in City and Suburbs the numbers must be very Great after ye Universal Empire Rome obtain'd at being thence the Centre of the world; Authors mention that Heliogabalus made a Collection of the Cobwebs in and without the Walls, wch being gather'd weigh'd 10000 weight. I don't know whether this be a greater sign of the numbers, than ye dirtyness of the Inhabitants. I shall End my Observations on these Walls wth adding out of an Old Author that on the Walls of Rome were 361 Towers, & 6900 Battlements, 12 Gates & 5 Posterns. This Author lived in the 13 Century.

On all sides of the City you see the old roman Highways wch lead out of it and wch are Extraordinary instances of ye Roman Spirit, they were raised from the Level and paved wth large flints wch last in many places to this day, So broad that two Carts might Easily go abreast, of these Ways some reach into far distant Countries as the Appian Way, 350 miles, between Naples & Rome you pass over 50 miles of this Way wch being damaged by time and not repair'd I own is very uneasy in a Coach or Chaize, and I could wish the Romans had never made them. Many of ye Old Gates are still remaining but much defaced from All Ornaments. Without the walls of the City in the Campania are Noble remains of the Old Aqueducts wch

served the City wth Water both for use and diversion, and brought rivers rather than Streams. The different Aqueducts brought different Waters for several uses, as drinking, Bathing &c. The Water is Carry'd over High Arches of Stone for miles. The Claudian Aqueduct brought Water above 40 miles as since it is repaired it dos to this day, and discharges its Waters in to a fountain higher than the Cross of St. Peters Church, from which fountain it descends thro the City. Without the Walls on the roads side are many remains of Tombs built round like Temples. As this prodigious Quantity of Water brought thus by such vast aqueducts and used for several Uses, must have a proper Vent, the Common St. Sewers are justly reckond among the prodigys of Rome; both as to their structure and to ye Expence of clearing them, wch generally cost the Value of 200,000 pds. sterl. They were built of Stone and Archd so strong yt they lay'd the foundations of their greatest houses on them, about 26 feet Wide and 13 high and were so contrived upon a descent that ye force of ye Water carry'd every thing before; so strong Nothing but Earthquakes could hurt them. Pliny says "They lasted 800 years," without being hurt. There are sufficient remains of these Common sewers to show that the Authors do not praise them tomuch, who mention them as one of the Wonders of Rome; greatest marks of ye Roman Grandeur. When wee consider the Amphitheatres, Circos, Theatres and Baths of Rome, wee have still new matters for our amazement and were there not ruins to Satisfye us that there were such things wee might conclude the history of them as fables. These tended to entertain the Romans who as well as the modern Italians were great lovers of Publick Shows & diversions, neither was it a bad piece of Policy in the Emperours to amuse the people by all means from reflecting on their loss of liberty and by such means allure them to a good opinion of them, So yt Each Emperour Endeavour'd to out do his predecessor in these publick Arts. From hence the Magnificence wch appear'd in them after the time of Cesar, for the Puritanical strickness of ye Commonwealth would not allow the frequent use of such diversions as lending to ye Corrupting of Morals & industry. Wherefore before Pompey's time theatres were only temporary on Extraordinary Occasions and being made of Wood were soon removed, but Pompey contending wth Cesar for the Empire first built one of stone to gratifye the com-

mon people and incline them to his party. There are but the Remains of the stone Amphitheatres now standing tho some Authors mention a Kind of Marble. Of these two that Called the Collisee is the largest and most Entire; began by Vespasian and finished by Titus, wch must have been a most stupendous work. It was Computed to hold 87000 Spectators on ye seats besides 20000 more in corners and void spaces. Its Compass is near 1700 feet, and there were 80 Arches. All lament the ruin of great part of this structure wch the Greedy Pope Paul 3 destroy'd to build a Palace of its stones, but there is still Enough remaining to give an Architect a just Idea of its Building. It is built of Noble freestone, 3 arched storys one over the other and a 4 story not Archd but only peiced wth Windows. The 3 lowest Storys being arched are adorned with Pillars of the Doric, Ionic & Corinthian Order, the 4 & Uppermost story with Pillastres of ye Composite. It was Called the Collisee from a Collosean statue of 20 feet in height wch was there. In these Amphitheatres did the Gladiators perform their bloody exercises. Sometimes fighting against one another sometimes against beasts; other times water was let in and Water fights perform'd, as in the Naumachias; In the Theatres were represented Dramatick Entertainments, of the whose ruins are yet Extant Pompey's and Marcellus's were the most famous. These Theatrical representations tended much to amuse the people.

The next Publick buildings for ye diversion of the People were the Circos, of wch the Circus Maximus first begun by Julius Cesar bears the first rank. The form and bigness of it is only now to be traced by ye ruins of its foundacons. It was 2187 long, and 960 broad. This space was surrounded by a Noble pile of Building wherein were Porticos, Shops, prisons for beasts, &c and in the inside seats for above 200,000 people, some say more; In these Circos were races of Horsemen and Chariots and huntings of Wild beasts, and Water being let in, Naval Exercises, and huntings of Crocodiles, and other Water monsters. Of these Races an old author mentions some particulars not to be past unobserved, There were says he 12 Gates thrown open at once by Ropes from Statues. The Colours of the riders fourfold answerable to the 4 seasons. Green for the Spring, pale blue for ye Winter, Red for ye Summer, and White for ye Autumn. The Whole Race is performed at seven Goales or Posts. The white

cloth being a signal for the races, came to be used on this accident: Nero being long at dinner & the people pressing him to begin he threw his napkin out as a Signal. The Sports consisted of 24 Races. I mention this fact because our Modern races seem to be modeled after them, and I have observed in all the Ancient Statues of Horses, they have Switch tayls like our English fox hunters & Racers, this being Enough to Explain the nature of these Circos, of wch I have often Contemplated in ye midst of their ruins, I shall proceed next to the Thermae or Baths wch were very Numerous and some of them so large, as an Author calls them the receptacles of Provinces. The Old Romans used bathing so constantly that the necessity of them made their number almost incredible being above 800. They were of different sorts Publick and private, but in these were no distinction between Nobles and Plebeians, only between ye places for Men & Women, they Contained hot and cold Baths great Basins or rather lakes to swim in, Chambers for sweating, anointing & Perfuming. The best ruins wee have of them are of Dioclesians Baths, wch must have been immensely Great a few Chambers at present making a very Great Church and Authors mention above 3000 different Bathing places, besides Baths to Swim in Rooms for anointing, Sweating &c a large Library and School where Philosophers taught. In these ruins wee see several Pillars of Egyptian Granite of immense bigness wch Support the Arch'd Roofs and its Evident several if not all the rooms were cased with Marble. Next to these were the Baths of Caracalla for bigness but much Exceeding the former in Magnificence, for in here were 1600 Bathing places of all of the finest Oriental Marbles. The Cocks and many other Utensils of Silver of wch Excess in Baths—Seneca says Thus, When I speak of Baths, how many Statues how many Columns supporting nothing but for mere ornament & Expence. What Cascades of Waters, In short wee tread on nothing but precious Stones. Next as to the Temples the Romans were a people very Superstitious in their religion and much addicted to honour their Deitys, this besides the influence Priests have in all Ages, contributed to ye Magnificence of their Temples, of wch the number was very Great mostly round like Domes, and many of them yet standing converted into Xtian Churches. The Temple of Peace built by Vespasian was of ye Greatest, wch may be seen from its present Ruins, it was

300 feet long and 200 wide the roof lin'd wth Copper plate Guilded over. In this temple were the spoils of Jerusalemm lay'd by Titus, and many Noble Statues some of wch have been dug up and preserv'd. The Pantheon is the most famous, because the most Entire at this time. The body of it is a large Dome pierced at the top to let in light, there being no Windows. The Upper part of this Dome is supported within by a Collonade of large Pillars of Gallo Antiquo, wth White Capitals & ye Architrave Porphyry. The Porch without is supported by 16 Vast Columns of Egyptian Granite each Pillar of one Entire Piece.

II.

Naples. 1724.

I am very much afraid a week is not a sufficient time to recover yr patience after so long a letter as my last, yet as there ought to be but little space between ye beginning & Continuation of a Story, I shall resume my description of Rome, and having described ye Ruins of its former Glory, I shall present it to yr View in its modern apparatus, as its Buildings, its people & Government.

The Modern City of Rome is bounded as ye Ancient with those Walls I mentioned, but within the Compass of those Walls not above 2 parts in three inhabited at present, if so much. The City is divided into 14 Rioues or Wards, wch course I shall make use of to describe its Curiosities. I shall begin from the Bridge of St. Angelo. At the End of this Bridge wch goes over the Tiber and is nobly adorned wth Marble statues, stands the Castle of St. Angelo, formerly Adrian's Tomb, it is the only fortification in Rome and sufficiently strong to wthstand any sudden assault for wch reason there is a long Gallery built on Arches from ye Vatican Palace to ye Castle that ye Pope in all Events may pass thither. The fortification is pentagonal there are generally 900 Men performing duty daily. Thus being a place defensible, Prisoners of State or Inquisition are kept there, The Archives & records are there lodged, also 4 different Tiaras or tribble Crowns of ye Popes, each of them richly adorned wth Precious stones; and in a strong Iron chest 5 millions of Mony wch Sixtus 5 lay'd up there in his reign as a dernier resource in any Exigency of the State, wch by ye by would do ye State more good if it circulated. This leads one to the Grand & deservedly famous

Church of St. Peter, wherein only doth the Modern Rome exceed the Ancient, being a more Magnificent Temple than the Romans ever had. A Just and Entire description of it would be Endless, but yet something must be said of this Church, concerning wch there are many particulars very Extraordinary. Since the beginning of it it has been under the direction of several Architects, whose several designs have so altered it backwards & forwards that it has many irregularities in it, and wht seems strange to say, those irregularities are ye Causes of its Beauty; for first it was designed by Michael Angelo to be ye form of a Greek Cross thus + and the four Isles built of equall proportion accordingly, When Paul ye 5 would have it lengthned into a latin Cross, thus \ddagger by wch the Nave of ye Church being lengthened its former proportions of height & breadth would not serve, Now to remedy this according to ye prescribed rules of Architecture was impossible without pulling ye Whole Church down, but the Architect yt lengthned the Nave built ye additional part of it both Higher & Broader than ye Older part yet so well Contrived yt without a strict Examination it is not seen, by this means the Nave seems to ye Eye very proportionable in perspective, wch it would not have done had he lengthned the old Nave with ye Old Height & Breadth, for then it would have look too long and like a Gallery. Thus this has a true Effect wch however is acknowledged an Irregularity in Architecture. This Calls to memory an Observation curious men have made on ye Ancient Buildings, by wch its evident the Romans did not Effect precise rules in Architecture, nor confine themselves always to a nicety & regularity of proportions, but chiefly regarded wt took the Eye the pleasing of wch they thought the rule of Building, often Variing proportions according to ye Colours of ye stones ye Workd in. At the English Colledge at Rome I met the Old Father Sabran our former Rector and father Levinz yt master from whom I received many civilities, Father Levinz and I, took the measures of St. Peters and Compared them in all things wth that of St. Pauls, whereby the difference in Magnitude and Architecture is inconcievably great. I shall only mention some to give an Idea of St. Peters:

St. Peters <table border="0" style="margin-left: 20px;"> <tr><td>729 long</td></tr> <tr><td>510 cross</td></tr> <tr><td>437 height</td></tr> <tr><td>189 the outward diameter of the Cupola.</td></tr> <tr><td>138 the inward.</td></tr> </table>	729 long	510 cross	437 height	189 the outward diameter of the Cupola.	138 the inward.	St. Pauls <table border="0" style="margin-left: 20px;"> <tr><td>900 long</td></tr> <tr><td>250 cross</td></tr> <tr><td>340 height</td></tr> <tr><td>145 Cupol. D. O.</td></tr> <tr><td>100 D. Inward.</td></tr> </table>	900 long	250 cross	340 height	145 Cupol. D. O.	100 D. Inward.
729 long											
510 cross											
437 height											
189 the outward diameter of the Cupola.											
138 the inward.											
900 long											
250 cross											
340 height											
145 Cupol. D. O.											
100 D. Inward.											

Mr. Addison well observes, St. Peters seldom answers Expectation at first entring it, but enlarges it self intensibly, and mends upon the Eye Every moment; The Proportions are so very well observed that nothing appears to an Advantage or distinguishes it self above ye rest, neither Extreamly high, nor long, nor broad, because all of them are in a just Equality. Thus far he has so justly describ'd it that I use his own Words. The morning after I came to Rome Mr. Morris and I went to St. Peters, wherein wee enter'd without being surpris'd at any thing or Even pleas'd for my own part I was so out of humour that I could willingly have left the City yt night, fearing every Else would fall short of Expectation as that did, but the oftner I went into it my satisfaction Encrease'd, and Mr. Addison's observations appear'd exceeding good. A Great part of the Inside of ye Church is cased with Ancient Marbles, the feston Work & Variety of Colours appear very beautiful. The High Altar stands in ye middle Under the Cupola, wth 4 great Pillars supporting a Pavillion over it all of Brass, besides the Workmanship of this Altar wch is Ingenious the Gusto of it is to be admir'd in another particular, for ye Pillars being very high that support the Canopy you see thro them, to ye End of the Church, so yt the Altar tho in the middle hinders not the perspective of the building. In this respect they have committed a Grand fault at St. Pauls to clap a high organ directly in the front of ye Quire, by wch means the View is terminated and a 3d of ye length in view cut off I shall not particularize so much as to describe the Ornaments & riches of this Church, wch you may concieve Equall the Magnificence of the Building. . . . Pillars in the Church; The blue stone called *lapis Lazuli* being the most scarce is the most valuable; wth these several stones, wherewth Rome only abounds, the modern marbles are seldom allow'd a place, as indeed being much inferiour to them, and tis amazing what quantity of these, the ancient ruins daily afford, being an inexhaustible stock of marble treasures. As Italy is the School of Painting, you may imagine St. Peters has its share of them, but as painting decays wth time

and the sooner in such a Church as this whose bigness is attended wth great damps, they have found out another way to adorn the Church without sacrificing the best performances of the pencil to destruction, this is by mosaick work. This they have also learnt from the ancient Ceilings & Pavements. The Great and lesser Cupolas are all painted in Mosaick Work being designed by ye greatest masters; indeed the designs are so well executed wth such a livelyness of colours that the nicest oil paintings could not appear more beautifull, and by being mosaick can brave the injuries of time wch no oil colours can. They are so sensible of this advantage, that at present they are copying the pictures over the several altars in order to work them in mosaick. This work they excell in, but are so covetous of their Art, that they will not let a stranger see them make it, or take away a piece of it. I observed as much as I could, and found it to be a sort of paste wch they colour'd and cut into Square dyes, whether they melt it and that it hardens in the Air, or else harden it between fires I can't tell, but I fancy the latter as the Enamellers do. The dyes are cut small & great according to the works they are to compose, in ye Palace of Borghese I saw a picture of Pope Paul the 5th done in mosaick wth very little or almost imperceptible dyes, they say there are 4000 only in his beard, wch by ye by is not very long neither, but for my part I took their word without counting them, As for the other ornaments and riches of this Church you may concieve they equall the other parts in magnificence. The performance of the masonry of St. Pauls is better than that at St. Peters, but the gusto in the disposition of it worse. The Romans place all their feston work & nicest pieces of masonry within their Churches as secure from the Weather, whereas wee at St. Pauls and the Church in the Strand have placed it without, where Our London smoak will soon wear out those beautys and philagree niceties. St. Peters on the outside is as plain as Architecture will permit it, the Romans wisely sheltring their nice works from the weather, so that they adorn for ages and wee only for years. The Area or Colonnade of St. Peters wch like a theatre strikes yr Eye at one View is surely the Effect of an extraordinary gusto, and gives the Church an advantage of rising to the Eye wth an incredible beauty, the pleasure one has in taking a View at the Entrance of this Colonnade is not to be describd, the obelisk of 100 feet high and two noble fountains always playing are the

first that strike yr Eye beyond wch the majestick Church and tow'ring Cupola rise wth an air sovereign o're the rest, to this great view yr Eye is confin'd, nor can it wander on any thing less beautifull, the Spacious Colonnade on all sides surrounding it and commanding its attention. This Colonnade consists of 256 Pillars close to the South side of the Church stands the Vatican Palace, wch is no advantage to it, for it crowds the Church too much, and hinders one from going round it. Having sd so much of the vatican Church I shall say the less of others, wch however rich and noble, appear to a great disadvantage in the same City wth St. Peters, whither all mens Eyes are turned. Of above 300 Churches this City contains, most of them are noble structures, and great numbers of them incrusted with the finest marbles, ancient & modern, none without some remarkable pictures or statues, in short everyone is worth the seeing if time permit. Tho I shall not particularise upon them, I must not pass by some things in them; In the great Church of Jesuits, is an altar raised over the bones of St. Ignatius so rich that I believe the Roman temples nere afforded the like. The design of the altar is noble & the performance magnificent, the 4 pillars that support ye pavillion are Lapis lazuli & 24 feet high, the Capitals & bases of brass Guilt, In the middle stands a silver statue of St. Ignatius, exquisitely work'd and set wth Jewels & precious Stones to a prodigious value, This statue is 12 feet high. The other ornaments of this noble altar consist in basso relievos of Marbles, Lapis lazuli, Jasper, Giallo antiquo &c and brass are dispersd thro the whole wth a delicate Gusto. In short it is a work worthy the ambition & pride of ye Jesuits. But I have kept you long enough at Church, tis time to visit the Palaces.

Contiguous to St. Peters as I said before is ye Popes Palace of ye Vatican, it is noblest of all, but its situation being reckond unwholsome, the Pope seldom lives there; It has been built at several times, and may be termed an heap of many good buildings, ill put together Vastly large, said to contain 10500 chambers, & 200 Courts or yards. The Chappells, chambers, Galleries & Halls contain an Inestimable treasure of paintings, most of wch being in fresco cannot be remov'd. The greatest masters have exercised their skill here as, *Michael Angelo, Raphael Urbino, Daniel de Volterra, Julio Romano, Paul Brill, Vasari, Perugino & others.* In ye Sixtine Chappel is ye last judgment of Michael

Angelo, so much exteem'd for its masterly drawing, for they say that in it are as many postures & attitudes as nature can afford. I Remember a print of it is over the Chimney in the Still Room at Woodcot. Within this palace is the famous Vatican library, said to contain 40,000 Manuscripts, besides printed books. As to the quantity of books it must certainly yeild to ye french Kings and our Oxford Librarys; and whatsoever value some particular manuscripts in ye Vatican may be of, they are of little use to the world, for they take care no Heretick searches into them, and for their own writers it is much to be fear'd their extracts from them are not genuine & fair, else why should they deny their adversaries looking into them, to compare printed passages wth ye Original Manuscripts. They have never printed a Catalogue of them, so yt for all the MSS. Baronius quotes in his Annals, wee have only his single Word that there are such in the library. In the Belvedere of this palace are the famous Apollo, Laocoön, Cleopatra, & Antinous. The other Pallace where the pope generally lives is at Monte Cavallo, so called from two famous marble horses said to be done by Phidias & Praxiteles ancient Grecian Sculptures. The Pallace is large, well built and very convenient, some few good pictures, otherwise nothing remarkable in it. The innumerable statues & Paintings the Roman Palaces afford are to be admir'd not valued, being the chief performances of Ancient & modern Art. Those of *Colonna*, *Barberin*, *Pamphili*, & *Borghese*, Excell in pictures as those of *Farnese*, *Albani*, & *Justiniani*, in Statues, in the last of wch are above 1800, antique statues & Bustos. I own among these Statues I have spent many hours wth incredible satisfaction, wt Hero or Heroine do's History mention that is not so seen in Rome, what virtues or passions doth History describe in great men that is not to be learnt from their marble representations. How much more noble than ours was the ancient way of preserving the memory of their Ancestors, wee strike them out on Canvass, they hew'd them out in marble, our memorials only temporary theirs Everlasting. Besides statues the *bassorelievos* of the Ancients are an entertainment no curious person can ever be tired, wth what remarkable stones, sweet designs, and excellent performances &c these afford, wt Excellent instruction to young draughtsmen & painters, In short as Italy affords such extraordinary representations from nature in statues & Bassorelievos, the Italians may well Excell others

in painting & Sculpture, tis the copying from such perfect Originals, makes them masters of the pencil. On wch occasion tis agreeable to observe the use of Arts & Sciences in the later ages. Twas in *Leo* the 10th Papacy about ye year 1520 that they first began to search into ye ruins of Old Rome, from whence they soon drew a treasure of Statues, *basso relieves* Columns and other curious remains of ye Roman & Grecian performances. Then they discover'd the barbarousness of their Gothick buildings, sculpture, and paintings; then they apply'd themselves to Study the perfections of the Greek & Roman workmanship; In that Age Arts and Sciences reviv'd out of the ruins of ye former ages. Michael Angelo became an Eminent Architect, Painter & Sculptor, a broken trunk of an Hercules being Ever his study. Great Raphael's Genius penetrated the Ancient Gusto and from the Old Basso relieves, became a master of design & Composition. the study of these Antiquities rescu'd many parts of knowledge, and explain'd the passages of our Ancient History . In short wee now see by these Stupendous ruins wt wee formerly only had read, that Rome was the Sovereign Conquerour of the Universe, the Spoils of all nations lying buried in its Attics, but to return to our Roman Palaces, it is to be observ'd that no people lay out so much mony in the Building Palaces as the Romans, at first, and so little in maintaining them afterwards, this proceeds from several reasons. Most of the present great familys at Rome are descended from Nephews of Popes. When a Pope is made [h] is nephews immediately proceed to build Palaces, buy pictures & statues, so that often a Pope dye (being generally chose old) before the Nephews have saved mony enough to maintain the Splendor they at first set out in. Some indeed in a longer Papacy have secured a good estate, wch yet in process of time being squander'd, left little to maintain the Splendor of their Palaces. The family of *Conti*, of wch the last Pope was, has had 13 Popes of it, yet is in a poor state as to income. these decays and misfortunes occasion that the Palaces are mostly out of Repair, and yet a Roman Prince will sooner live wth one servt in a Garret of his Palace than sell it and thereby mend his fortune. A general dirtyness reigns thro'out for want of servants to clean them, many of their Courts & staircases are reservoirs of peoples Excrements wch they lay there without hindrance, so yt a man to see their Curiosities runs thro a Vile composition of

Unwholesome smells, worse than Sr. John Falstaffs linnen basket afforded. In their Palaces disproportion appears in Everything, Vast Structures, more inhabited by women than men, 1000 Rooms and 20 people in them, In a *Noble Salle* painted by Raphael or Carache, and hung round wth paintings of ye Greatest masters, you may see a Roman Prince wth an Eighteen penny dinner for himself & family. In Vast Stables you have so few horses, that each beast may easily have his Bedchamber, dressing room, Antichamber & diningroom to himself, In short if it be State, to appear in perspective thro numbers of large uninhabited rooms, the Roman Princes certainly enjoy the world in great State. The Modern Capitol is properly the palace of ye Roman Magistrates where the courts of Justice are kept. It is built on part of the ruins of the Old Capitol, design'd by Michael Angelo, and is a beautifull piece of Architecture, within the Chambers are several statues of great Value, Roman Laws engrav'd on Tables, the Column of Naval Victories, the Column Called *Milliana*, because all distances from Rome were measured from it as the Centre, Old Roman Measures of Corn, wine & Oil &c but the most valuable antiquity of all is the Chronicle of ye Roman Consuls, Censors, dictators, & magistrats engraven in Marble tables, calld the *Fasti Capitolini*. Having mention'd the chief Palaces of Rome, I shall proceed to ye Country Villas near the City, at *Frescati*, *Borgheses Montedragone*, *Pamphilys Belvedere* are famous for situation and Water works, but the *Modena Villa* at Tivoli far excells both, were it kept in good repair. The two other Villas of Borghese & Pamphili nearer Rome are justly celebrated for their beauty, being certainly for their bigness the richest & most delightfull peices of stone work in the World. The outsides of them are Cover'd wth innumerable Basso relievos antique, so nicely chosen and placed that they seem to have been made for the building they are in, and are an Everlasting Entertainment to the Curious The Basso relievos contain several Civil & military historys, Huntings, Sacrifices and various humoursome designs. . . . Having said so much of ye Curiosities of Rome, let us consider the people that enjoy them.

I am not of opinion wth those who think the modern Romans are wholly degenerated from the virtues and Industry of their Ancestors, wee see by experience they are ingenuous & politick, and ready enough to work when Employment is offer'd them,

but if in point of slavery & poverty they are degenerated from the Old Romans, tis not the fault of their natural but political constitution, their lands are as productive as ever and they have both spirit and industry enough to improve them. But the severity of their Government deterrs them from such pursuits; reaping fruits for their Prince and acorns for themselves is little encouragement to industry; Do's the oxes fatness reward their labour, when the Pope has the Carcase, the monasterys the limbs and they only the Offals. This is the sad effects of their constitution of Government, wch I may term the worst in ye world without exception. The Pope is a Prince Elective and yet Absolute, wch of all others is ye worst constitution; An Absolute and Hereditary Prince spares his people in consideration that he may leave something worth Governing to his posterity; But an Elective Absolute Prince has no probable view his relations may ever succeed him, therefore he must plunder whilst he lives to aggrandize his family. This plunder being repeated Every reign for the same ends. It is no wonder the Romans are sunk under so great and repeated a Grievance. Thus are avaritious popes enabled and even push'd on by the natural love of their family to wreck and oppress the people. besides the great taxes this brings upon them, another hardship is very great upon them, as the Romans are possessors of Curious Antiquities, and as by their ingenuity they have attain'd to great perfection in painting & Sculpture, these might bring them mony from other Countrys, but the most valuable pictures or statues wch might bring the most mony are not suffer'd to be convey'd away from Rome. The Popes family must have the refusal, and they give little enough for such things, tho little as it is the owner must take it. A family in distress cannot roast a statue nor fricasie a Basso relieveo, they must take 100 Crowns for wt is worth a thousand if his holiness pleases so to mortifye them for their sins. Having show'd how an unjust Pope destroys his people; I shall next shew that the best of the Popes do the same, wch proceeds from the Ecclesiastick Constitution wch affects the temporals as well as spirituals of the people. A Good Pope then from the principles of his religion, founds monasterys, loads the Churches wth plate and makes holydays, these are all destructive to ye good of a Country. A Monastick life renders thousands useless to their Country neither marrying to people nor working to enrich it, Nay the

very moiety that is left to cultivate, must maintain wth the sweat of their brow those lazy monastick Drones almost as numerous as themselves, and further, their children are daily taken from them to supply those Idle dwellings. Rome being the Centre of this folly in Church Government its effects are most there felt, wch must daily dispeople the whole Country. Further those that are left to improve the land, are abridged for their work by a third of their time being spent in Holydays: God order'd the Seventh day to be an Holyday for men to rest from their labours, but the Pope makes more, that they should not work at all. Next as the want of mony to circulate is the greatest damp to trade and industry, the Romans suffer heavily by it, for the Specie that should circulate among them, is converted into Church plate, where in immense quantitys it lyes useless as dirt. The 5 millions of Crowns wch have laid in the Castle of St. Angelo above 100 years, is a terrible draw back on the publick. How then should ye people be otherwise than poor, who are reduced to few, those debarr'd from Working & left without mony. Having said thus much of ye people and their Condition I shall say something of his holiness.

The Pope's power is twofold Spiritual & Temporal, from whence the first is deriv'd is disputable and not to my present purpose as for the temporal it is derived from Constantine the Great, who upon removing the imperial seat to constantinople left Silvester Bishop of Rome as it were feudatory prince of it. Constantines leaving Rome, and at his death dividing the Empire between his 3 sons, made way for such distractions as in the End ruin'd the Old Roman Empire, the Pope taking advantage of these times and ye reverence people bore his Character, assumed to himself the Crowning Charlemain Empr of the West, the first division of the two Empires, Eastern & Western; Charlemaign out of Gratitude, left the Pope free and absolute sovereign of Rome & the region of Campania about it; After w'ch time the Popes had an excellent knack of fishing in troubled waters, and were often the third Cur that stole away the bone, two others contended for, his Spiritual Arms of Excommunications being very terrible in those days of ignorance & Superstition, so yt at present his dominions are very large, including, *St. Peter's patrimony, Campagnia of Rome, the Dutchies of Spoleto, Castro, Ferrara & Urbino, the marquisate of Ancona, the territories of*

Bolonia & Romania, the fiefs of *Parma, Piacenza, Naples & Sicily*, besides the entire country of *Benevento* in ye Kingdom of *Naples* and *Avignion* in France. Thus are his Dominions Extended from the Mediterranean to ye Adriatick Seas, wth many good ports on both seas. Besides this the number of Ecclesiastical benefices he disposes of in other Kingdoms, and the first fruits & Bull charges he has on all other benefices bring a great Sum to his Coffers, so yt Sixtus ye 4th said he should never want mony as long as he could sign his name. These Advantages might enrich his people were it not for the reasons before mentioned, for the continual succession of new families to the Papacy must ever destroy the Country with all these helps. The Pope's politicks in respect to foreign states has generally been carried on wth great prudence, the losing of England by Clement ye 7th denying Harry the 8 his divorce, was the only fatal mistake they ever made, and since they take great care not to commit the like error, granting dispensations and other Bull wth a very obliging hand, and as long as the Popes will act as Neutrals in the Affairs of Princes they may be very secure as to themselves. The Pope Governs by several Councils of wch the Council of State is a very prudent and politick institution, allways consisting of such Cardinals as have been Nuntios of Foreign Courts, whereby the temper of all Courts are admirably well known and consider'd and gives the Pope a great advantage in his Politicks. The Ancient Roman Civil law prevails still at Rome, but is very much cramp't & Mangled by ye Cannon law wch the Popes & Councils have made. The best of it is business is pretty soon dispatcht, tho I fear the Judges are not proof against Corruption, the Pope imagines they must do justice for little salarys, but that is not a wordly way of arguing. Having given you a General sketch of my Observations on Rome both as to its ancient & modern state, I shall finish with only adding one thing more; Tho Rome is the Author of the inquisition, it is not so terrible here as in Spain or Portugal, the Jews are allow'd a quarter of the town to live in, being oblig'd to ye number of 300 to attend a sermon for their Conversion once a week, tis pleasant to see how they stuff their Ears wth cotton and sleep that they may not hear the priest wch occasions the Guards to thump heartily sometimes their nodding pates. No town in Europe has so many Spies as Rome the Governour has daily notice of Every thing that

passes in town, the Italians are so good at this that the Governour will know the most secret affairs transacted in the very Ambassadors Chambers. Of all strangers they are very inquisitive and I was not a night in town but ye Governour was informed of my name, family and that I had changed my religion being educated a Roman Catholick; this was also sent to the Holy inquisition, who in council consulted whether it was proper to take notice of me; but they lay'd it aside, this I was never suffer'd to know whilst I was at Rome, but since I was here I have been informed of the circumstances of it, I am apt to believe my keeping a good Correspondence wth Old Sabran and his Colledge might help to avert this storm, a storm I call it, not that I believe they would venture to have clapt any Englishman in the Inquisition, but If I had been forbid the City as some others have been, I should not have been over well pleas'd. It is true I have been long in these two letters, but the Subject is great and has made them so as I shall have no more Romes to see I shall be shorter hereafter, wch may make some amends for this. I shall ever wish you happiness, therefore to say I do it at this time is unecessary, I shall End wth recommending this to yr kind acceptance, and beg you will at present favour me wth the news of yr welfare.

Yr Affectionate Br

B. L. C.

III.

Florence. [No date.]

[First 4 pages missing.]

But it is no wonder that oppression drives away inhabitants. During the times of the Republick Florence made a Considerable figure in Italy. Especially in their great manufactures of cloth wch were very considerable, but are now much decay'd.

The Civil dissensions of the Republick gave occasion to Leo ye X & Clement ye 7th to advance their own family of Medici wch by their intrigues wth Charles ye 5 Emp. attain'd to and the Medici Established Sovereigns Over Tuscany, wch Comprehends Florence, Pisa, Siena & Volterra formerly separate Republicks. The remembrance of their former liberty was only to be quell'd by a full Exercise of an Absolute power, wch rule of Government the Great Dukes have followed wth Tyrannical Exactness. The Grand Seignor is not more despotic than the G. Dukes have

been. He is not only Sovereign in politicks but in traffick. He is chief Dairy keeper, Grasier & Comfactor of his State, All land almost is his but wt the Church holds. All other Estates & houses pay him 10 per Cent yearly besides the Gt taxes on Every thing brought to Florence. Whoever buys an estate pays 7 1-2 pr Cent, on oyl & Corn 10, & Every thing in proportion wch are exorbitant as 40 pr. Ct. on Beef & Pork. The tax on salt amounts to a vast sum, Besides these Taxes there is another wch lyes hard on the Subject, viz the Appaltos or licences to private persons to have the Sole sale of some one thing, as he yt farms the Tobacco gives 10000 Crowns yearly, the sale of strong Waters 62000 Crowns. In inheritance unless *it be from Father to son* pay 10 pr Cent on succession. On every marriage in ye G. D. family a Donne Gratuit is demanded as 250000 Crowns was on that of Prince Ferdinand wth the E. of Bavarias Sister. Of all Marriage portions he has By these Exorbitant taxes in wch the Clergy pay but a small share the subjects may Well be poor, besides the Great Dukes spend little among them, most of it being lay'd out in purchasing forreign Curiosities.

CURIOSITIES.

The Curiosities of Florence deserve the Particular attention of Every traveller as being a treasure of ye best ancient & modern performances. The Greatest part of wch are in ye Great Dukes Gallery. On one side in Order is ranged the Antique busts of almost all the Emperours from Cesar to Constantine. On the other the Emperours wives & mothers interspersd wth others of Gods & Goddesses &c. Adjacent to the Gallery are Chambers of Curiosities, of wch The Tribune may be esteem'd the richest Chamber that is or may be Ever was. herein is the Celebrated Venus of Medici, whose beauty cannot be describ'd nor imagin'd but must be seen. This statue has satisfy'd me how weak ye representacons of Copys are. herein also are the Wrestlers, the peasant whetting his knife & hearkning to Catalines Conspiracy, so just were the Romans to ye merit of ye meanest Slave. The Faunus dancing all Grecian. The Cabinet in this Room is enricht without. Side wth Topazes, Rubys, Emeralds, Pearls, Saphires, Garnets &c. Some of them of uncommon magnitude. The Drawers within are lin'd wth a Collection of Cameyaux & En-taglios not to be paralleld in Europe. Indeed these in my opinion

shew the nicety of ancient Sculpture more than Statues or Basso relievos. Neither is the Collection of Medalls inferiour in its kind for number & the Utmost perfection. In this Room are several pieces of the best painters as Rafaelle, Titian, Frate, Corregio, Paul Veronese, Bassano &c. The Dome wch covers this Room is over laid wth mother of pearl. The large Diamond in this Cabinet next to Gov. Pitts claims precedency to all it is said to weight 139 Carats & an half. There is one other Chamber as peculiar in its kind as it is valuable, near one hundred & 50 portraits of ye famous painters done by their own hands, several other Rooms full of Paintings, works of Amber, Iron &c and inumerable Antiquities. Vessels of Lapis Lazuli Agates Onyxes &c inlaid wth precious stones to a vast value. A traveller must look on these things wth pleasure, but his subjects must surely call Every ruby a Drop of blood & Every Pearl a tear falling from the oppressd Tuscans. The Enumeration of the things in this Gallery would be improper for the Compass of a letter, in short, it contains something of all that is or Ever was valuable in the Arts & Sciences.

PALACES.

The Great Dukes Palace, is a large Building after the old Tuscan manner, all rustick work in ye front the inward Court is set of wth 3 ranges of Pillars, ala rustique. The Apartments of Great Dukes is realy Noble, the Ceilings painted by Pietro de Corbona. The famous Madonna of Raphael with many more of the best performances of the greatest masters. Corregio, Palma, Titian, Paul Veronese, Guercino, Salvator Rosa, Carache, Rubens, Vandyck, Guido, Parmeggiano, Carlo Morat &c. Many Palaces of ye Nobility deserve the attention of the traveller such as those of . . . Gerini, Ridolfi, Gaddi, The 4 first for paintings as ye 2 last are for statues. There are in ye very streets of Florence above a 100 public statues either Antique or modern the latter equalling almost the former, as being the performances of Michael Angelo, John di Bologna, Donatelli, Baccio Bandinelli &c.

BRIDGES.

Of the Bridges over the Arno that built by Ammanati claims precedency to all in Europe for the beauty of the 3 Arches wch indeed are the lightest and flattest I ever Saw.

CHURCHES.

The Churches here in generall are large & Noble but not comparable to the Roman or Neapolitan for ye beauty of Marbles. I must Except ye Dome . the famous Chappel of St. Laurence wch has been building 130 years & will require as many more to finish it. It is designed . . . the Mausoleum for the house of Medici. It is incrusted within With Antique Marbles & Precious Stones to a Vast Value, but the design of the whole is in an ill gout being half Gothique & half Roman Architecture. The Cупole is to be Marble without & . . . The Domo or . . . than our St. Pauls the outside . . . Marble an [d] the Dome by Bruneleschi is much admire[d] it is indeed octangular but it may be called the mother of all others for St. Peters was copied from this of Florence by Michael Angelo who Ever admir'd it.

LIBRARIES.

the Libraries of Florence are well stor'd wth Manuscripts, particularly that of St. Laurence, but they are kept in such bad order & without good Catalogues so that a stranger can find little use in them. This indeed is the fault of all the Italian Libraries; It would be much for their honour were their Books Catalogued & kept in just order, for foreigners not finding many books, wch they in print so much boast of, gives great Suspicion of their not having any such in their possessions.

RIVER.

The so much boasted Arno wch divides the City deserves the name of a Brook rather than that of a River. One may say of this what a Gentleman said of the Seine at Paris, that it is a good place to make a river in.

COUNTRY.

The outlets round Florence are very agreeable, particularly ye Caseine a mile out of Florence wch is a large Wilderness cut out in Vistos, very full of Hairs, Pheasants & all sorts of Wild Game, wch none dare touch under pain of ye Galleys. however It is Common for people to walk in & divert themselves, indeed it must be a pleasant place in Spring. The Vale & Hills round the City are full of Country Villas wch would render a most delightfull prospect, did not the heavy Appenins peep up above them cover'd wth

Snow the best part of the year. They tell me the great Duke within 30 miles of Florence has near 20 Country houses I have seen two viz. Poggio Imperiali & Poggio Casaria. The nomination of Palazzo is so universally given in Italy to all houses that in reading Italian descriptions a man may be much deciev'd if he is not appriz'd of it. Believe me Woodcot is a better house than any the G. D. has. The state of Tuscany affords plenty of Corn, Oyl & Wines, wch are of a rich body but somewhat inclinable to be Sweet wch they take of by mixing a Wild Grape calld Brusco. I fancy the Florence wines might [me]liorate with Age, had they Either English Cellars [or] English Corks. The most noted Wines are the Montepulciano, for its flavour, the Canti, Broglie, & Daina for good Bodyd Wines, the Montalimo & — are the best White Wines. In short Tuscany is not what it might be were Cultivations more encourag'd by a moderate Government, But where the Church have half, 2 in four and the G. D. 1 of the other 2 little can be Expected.

THE G. DUKE.

Having Observ'd on Town & Country, I shall proceed to some account of the G. D. & the people. The family of Medici have ever been expensive & Magnificent, buying up the most Valuable curiosities of other Countrys, so that infinite Summs have gone out of his own State, To Rome & the other parts of Italy & of Europe. And had it not been for Leghorne wch flourish'd these 50 years last past it had far'd worst wth them. The last Gr. D. Cosmo 3d to impoverish his subjects the More, for many years gave himself & purse up to ye Priests, who are never backward in Asking or taking. He augmented the taxes to a great Height yet as he gave almost all to the Church, he left a great load of just Debts unpaid to his Successor the present G. D. who is a prince little in ye management of the priests or indeed of Any body Else. He is so retired & whimsical in his way of life that no one knows what to make of him. He seldom sees his own Ministers of State, & sometimes for many days won't be spoke to by his very household servants. He is certainly of [sic] prince of more learning than is usual for his station witty and joking by repartees. Speaks French, German & English very well, & has seen several parts of Europe, is affable, Courteous, & beyond measure free from pride. He is a great lover of justice, he con-

siders that he is the last of his famliy, a new family will not think themselves oblig'd to pay the debts of his, therefore he'll do it while he lives if he is Able, this shows a great Generosity of Soul & is highly commendable. Now considering the many good qualitys he has, you may be as much at a loss for ye Cause of his Odd life as the rest of the World is. Some think it the Effects of Melancholly from the prospect of having no successor of his own. Others think that it is out of a despicable Opinion of his own Countrymen and that he dos [not] care what becomes of them When he is gone. It is certain the florentines too much neglected him Whilst his Elder Brother Ferdinand was living, wch may be the Cause he now neglects them. He seems to be dropsycally inclined wch threatens an approaching decay, tho he is not above 54.

The forces of ye great Duke are about 4000 men, wch are dispers'd in Castles & Seaports, chiefly at Leghorne, where the Garrison is about 2000. They are not incorporated into regiments, Each Company is independent of the other & only depends on the Governors of the places. His Guards are 2 Companies of 100 horse each, one Cuirassiers the other Musquetiers, besides 100 Swiss Halbadiers. At Leghorne there are but 3 Galleys at present. His revenues are not fixed but they are reckon'd at about 1600,000 Crowns yearly. Besides the Tuscan State, the G. D. has ye Principality of Capistrano in Naples, & a Considerable Estate in ye Duchy of Urbino. The G. Duke's own sister the Electress Dowager Palatin is the proudest princess I ever saw and therefore is justly despis'd by her Brother. The Princesses Violante & Eleonora Widows of his Elder Brother & of his Uncle, are on ye Contrary more beloved by the G. D. being both most amiable & obliging Women.

PEOPLE.

Having spoke of the Prince I shall now mention the people. The Florentines are a people both laborious & ingenious, wch the lesser turn to painting sculpture and other useful Arts. The better sort deal much in politicks and would fain out witt the World and one another, this has led them in fatal divisions wch has lost their liberty. Indeed they study Politicks more than they practise them, and are mere Chymists in Politicks, for they refine so much upon them that, all fruits of their Endeavour that way

Vanish in Smoke. Their Cunning is properly deceit in wch they are great proficients, for they have an openness in Address that covers them much from Suspicion, but when once suspected the whole thread of their design is easily found out, indeed that openness is more in Complements for in matters relating to themselves they are very reserv'd. Tis not that their designs are deeper laid than other peoples, but that they are more gilded over wth an outward appearance of sincerity, if a man is too much taken wth that, he may be heartily impos'd upon. They seldom speak what they think much less what they mean, and both in thoughts and actions only regard themselves. However a Man forewarn'd is forarm'd as the saying is and may receive as little hurt from them as he can advantage. I have observ'd of ye Italians I have seen in a different Manner. One may both Converse wth and trust a Roman only Converse wth a Florentine & neither wth a Neapolitan. A Roman may be both a Good Companion & a friend a Florentine only a Companion and a Neapolitan neither.

IV.

Venice, May 23, 1725.

Since I writ to you last I seen Bologna, Ferrara & Padua in my way hither. Between Florence & Bologna, I passed the Appenine Mountains, wherein indeed the Roads are very well paved, but their Steepness, Short turnings & ye vast precipices on each side make them appear very frightfull. I found little or no Snow upon them, but had the ill fortune to pass them in an Hurricane of Wind & rain wch allmost overset our Chaises, wee continued about 8 hours climbing up & down before wee descended into the plain of Lombardy. Before wee Came to Bologna the Vast Appenines diminish by degrees into little Fertile Hills, from whence wee Enjoy'd a very Extended prospect of ye Vast plain of Lombardy, A prospect I do not admire so much as Some others do, since their is no variety in it, being all a flat Levell. It is indeed Unusual to see So great a levell of a Country as lies between the Appinines & the Alps, but I think it is more Extraordinary than Beautifull. Bologna is situated at the Entrance of this plain, in a Very fertile Soil. Bologna is really a fine City, large, rich & well peopled. The Houses are all built on Porticos wch are a

great convenience for Walking, being a shelter both from rain & Sun. The Convents & some palaces are here very Magnificent & no City in Italy can boast of finer paintings than Bologna Especially of Rafael, Guido, the 3 Caraches & their scholars. The Bologness have an Extraordinary Value for a Madonna of St. Luke as they say, wch is on an Hill 3 miles of[f]. They seem persuaded she would visit them once a Year, if they did not fetch her wch out of Complaisance they do, wth great Solemnity, & carry her about town 3 days wth Vast pomp. I happened to be there at that solemnity. For the greater Convenience of the Devotees who Visit her at her own Church 3 miles of[f], they have built a Stately portico wch goes from the City to her Church 3 miles of[f]. Bologna has a Considerable trade in raw silk wch they send in great Quantitys to England & other parts. This City & territory belongs to ye Pope, but has not that face of Poverty wch appears in all other parts of his holinesses dominions. This owing to the conditions on wch they submitted to the Pope. The Legal has the Executive power, but the people have the right of taxing themselves & making Laws as well as in Civil Magistracy. Their Estates can never be confiscated, & whats very odd they send an Ambassadour to Rome as if they were a foreign State. In Bologna the Garisenda is a hanging Tower like that of Pisa. Several of the other Towers in this City incline on one side. The famous Enigmatical Inscription here has puzzled the wits of many to little purpose. From Bologna the Contry is very pleasant far as that State reaches being well cultivated. The Hedges seem to be Elm neatly cut like our Garden Hedges in England, the Ground planted with Mulberry Trees for the Silk Worms, & the Vines run up the trees & spread from one to another in a beautiful manner, & the Ground at the same time Cover'd wth Corn, so that they make the most of their Soil, wch is indeed Exceeding rich. But when wee Enterd the Popes State of Ferrara, wee Enter'd a different Scene of things poor Cultivations, a Country half drown'd wth the Overflowings of the Po & other rivers, and as it were desolate of inhabitants by reason of the severe Government of the Popes. Unhappy Ferrara once one of the beautifullest spots of Italy whilst under its own Dukes. This state is now under the Popes Government, & has very visible marks of Papal tyranny upon it; A Vast City deserted & as it were uninhabited, whole streets in possesion of Rats & mice & even they

I believe in a starving condition; From Ferrara wee came to Padua a large & well situated City, but it appear'd better without than within, for it is but indifferently inhabited. It is chiefly remarkable for what it has been in ancient times, when it made a great figure in these parts. The houses are built as at Bologna on pillars, and there are some good Buildings, of wch the Church of St. Justina is the most remarkable. In the great Hall of the Palace of Justice is a monument to ye memory of Titus Livius the famous historian called a native of Padua; & they pretend his bones are therein inclosed, but this is grounded on no other certainty but the infallible one of faith. The ancient Paduan Nobility are come to nothing, for after they were subjected to ye Venetians, the latter rather increased than diminished the old animosities among them, these ended in resentments & resentments in thse parts are murders, from wch proceeded confiscations of Estates to ye Senate, who by this means got their lands and weaken'd their power. Upon this maxim of the Venetian Policy, murders were so little obstructed that ye very Scholars of the University, in the last age were more famous for such horrible performances than for their learning; This hinderd strangers from coming to study among them, that now their University is a meer name or shadow of what it was. From Padua I came in a Barge down the Brent to Fusina. On each side the river are many country houses of ye Venetian Nobles, built by Palladio & other famous Architects, wch afford a very agreeable view to ye traveller. At Fusina wee Enter'd on the Sea & passed over the Lagune or Shallows 5 miles to Venice.

Venice is so singular a City from all others, that it deserves a full description, but that is the Work of a Book not of a letter. I shall only touch on some particulars. It is situated on Islands or Shoals wch they here call Lagune. Some think they are lands overflowed, be it as it will, it has ben as it now is 1300 years or more. Besides what the City is fix'd upon there are so many Shallows round it that vessels can only come to it by certain Channels markt out by posts, & at low water many of these Shallows are dry. This is a natural fortification to Venice, & wch they endeavor to preserve at a vast expence by cleaning these Channels often, wch would otherwise be choakt up by the rubbish & dirt wch comes from ye City. Thus the Venetians court the Sea to stay with them, as the Dutch violently keep it

out. The Islands or Shallows on wch the City is built are joyn'd together by above 400 Bridges, of wch ye Rialto is the most famous, so that one may go both by land or Water to most of the houses. But by land it is very inconvenient, the streets are narrow, very much round about & for a stranger a meer Labyrinth. The Canals are well stor'd wth Crabs & oysters, but I esteem them neither Savoury nor Wholesome, for the filth of the whole City discharges it self into these canals, wch makes them Stink intollerably; & indeed lessens the pleasure of going in the Gondolas. These Gondolas are very conveniently contrived & the Gondoliers are very dextrous in the management of them. for 4 shillings a day one has a very handsome one wth 2 fellows to row it. The houses here are generally very handsome, a Gallery wth appartments on Each Side; in most places they are built on piles. The place of St. Mark is ye first that employs the curious Eye. It consists of 2 squares, wch are surrounded wth the Doges Palace, St. Mark's Church & the Procuraties or lodgings for the Procurators of St. Mark, all Noble Buidings. Mr. Crowe has the perspectives of them well design'd at Woodford. The Church is old & Gothick only remarkable for the mosaick work in it & the 4 Brazen horses brought from Constantinople when the Venetians conquerd it. The Palace of St. Mark where the Doge lives is a Noble old building. The Hall of the Grand Council, that of ye Senate & several others a[re] nobly furnish'd wth pictures of *Tintoret*, *Titian*, *Palma*, *Paul Veronese*, & *Bassano*; they are all well preserv'd and are wonderfull performances, In many parts of this place, are Lyon's heads of Stone, into wch informations are put of all sorts of crimes, for the different Crimes there are different heads. Twould be useless to mention the many Churches that have fine paintings, but in generall they are very much spoilt by the moisture & salt Vapours of the Sea. The Venetians brag much of their Arsenal & esteem it the largest & best provided of any in Europe, but in my opinion the Sight of it can only give one the Idea of what Venice was formerly before the loss of Ciprus, Candia, the Morea & other territories, as well as the great decreases of their trade in the yast age. They were formerly rich & powerful, as able to conquer others as now they can hardly defend themselves. They are now in a low State of wch there so much boasted arsenal is an instance, for considering that it is the only Magazine of the State in these parts, it has a very

small provision of Materials. It is indeed large in Circuit & well it may, for besides the magazines of Arms, there are the Docks, Rope yards, foundrys, forgerys & all other appurtinancys both for sea & land; & yet the best part within the Walls is water. The fire arms are very ill preserved, & are too rusty to be usefull on a sudden Emergency. There are about 13 old Batter'd Ships, & 7 or 8 New Building, besides 12 out at sea. Their first rates are of 80 Guns, but I am sure they are not so big as one of our 70. They are built high & their Guns stand closer than ours. The Gallies are only fit for calm seas & are too slight to bear the brunt of a Battel, therefore they have Galleasses, wch are a Species between a Galley & a Ship. The[y] are made like a Galley in the middle, for the conveniency of rowing but the 2 ends are like the stern & head of a ship, these 2 Ends they call Castles & they fancy them impregnable; they carry 20 Guns & about 900 men. The man of ye Arsenal told me that one of these Galeasses was obligd to fight 25 Galleys, wch I either imagine a lye, or that they must be taken if they execute such orders, for how much stronger soever they are than a Galley, the odds seems to be too great. I observed their warehouse of Cabels, & their Cordage seems much inferiour to ours in its work & strength. They do not pitch & Tar them as they make them but when the Cabel is made it is put in a kind of oven for 8 days wth a continu'd fire under it, This they say loosens the Hemp and makes it Supple, like a glove & then they only draw it thro boyling pitch & let it lye & contract again: By this means they say the pitch incorporates best wth the Hemp. Their Ship Guns are longer han ours wch is certainly inconvenient & they make no distinction between the upper & lower teer in their weight.

They seem extreamly wedded to their old methods and put a kind of bar to all new improvements; For the Workmen employ'd in their Arsenal have an hereditary right to their fathers ignorance, & their sons succeed them in it, and none but the sons of those who have work'd there, can work in it, strangers being forbid admission & even a Venitian whose Father was not a labourer there, cannot be admitted but by ye Vote of the Senate. So much for the Arsenall. The Liberty of Venice consists in allowing every one to do as he pleases, provided he meddles not wth their State; from wch Liberty all manner of Vice reigns to an Extravagance, wch they rather incourage than forbid, as a

means to employ peoples minds from thinking of affairs of State; And to this great End masking for near 7 months in ye year is allow'd. By this means the Nobles can indulge themselves wth freedom in their pleasures, and in disguise observe the humours of the people; for they manage their State affairs as well in mask as in the Senate. The State of Venice of all others is the most jealous of her liberty. Liberty is a term often misunderstood & misapply'd as I think it is here. For 1800 Nobles or Tyrants are worse than one absolute Prince. If the Nobles don't oppress one another they think their liberty preserved, whereas the Nobles oppress the common people without controule. The Venetians refine on politicks to a great degree, but I think they have been so mistaken some points, that I can easily attribute the present declension of their State to it. They are so jealous of their subjects, that they don't care they should know the Art of War, least they by that should know how to trouble their State, for wch End in War they hire Auxiliary soldiers of other states, the ill Effects of this appear'd in the last War, when their General Schulemburgh tho a foreigner himself, complain'd of the foreign troops in the Levant, as not doing their duty. And indeed no one will fight so well for a Country, as the natives of it who are the most concern'd in it. In the next place, the Nobles are brought up in a wretched ignorance & effeminancy. So that they are often fitter to direct a toylet than to command a Ship or Garrison. Notwithstanding the Severity of the Inquisitors of State, no State is more abused in Service than this, the Commanders of their Ships in the Levant, make mony of Every thing, often selling the very Cabels & Anchors of the ships, powder & all such moveable materials. Inded this is so often practised that the Guilty are too many to be punish'd. Their other maxim of conversing little wth strangers is a great hindrance to their improvement in the affairs of the world, the knowledge of wch is allways usefull to States & Statesmen. Their making a Doge without any real power & their method of Ballotting in the Senate, were good precautions at first but are now much abused. I have seen a Copy of the memorial given Louis ye 14 by his Minister Count Rebene, concerning the States of Italy, where he Says, the secrets of Venice are not unrevealable as some imagine, for that he found money was a key would open all. This is very reasonable to believe for there are many of the Nobles too poor to withstand mony. The

multiplying of Nobility is a great Error in an aristocracy, wch the Venetians were highly Guilty of in the Candia War when for mony they created 78 families Noble, wch Nobility descends to all the male descendants alike; Now as in process of time familys decay, the poor ones lye much Exposed to golden temptacons, & among 1800 every one can't be provided for by the State whereas a Smaller number might better uphold one another. The best of their maxims & that wch they have maintain'd wth vigour, is their jealousy of ye Papal power, wch they have curb so effectuall that the Popes Excommunications have never made them uneasie. The Pope is respected but not fear'd. If he makes a Venetian Cardinal, his family lose their Vote for his life. So much do they discourage peoples having recourse to Rome for favours. By this time I fear you wish to find an End of my detail, wch I shall do by Subscribing myself wth heart & hand Your most Affect. Brother & obliged Servt.

B. L. CALVERT.

P. S. I am setting out from hence for the rest of Italy I have yet unseen, & hope to be at Paris by ye End of next month, from whence I propose to pass thro Flanders & Holland in my way home. I am so sensibly toucht wth yr past favours that I am ashamed, wth so little desert on my side, to ask the continuance of them. Be assured that out of a just regard to yr generosity I do not mistake it & spend more than is necessary. I am sorry to have lead you into so much Expence on my account, but yet hope you will give me some new Credit at Paris to Enable me to proceed thro Holland home, where I long to be in person to acknowledge yr kindness, generosity & indulgence to. Yrs for Ever

B. L. C.

THE RELIGIOUS POETRY OF SCHILLER

I.

Three years ago an anniversary celebration of an "entrance into larger life" profoundly stirred the German world. In America it had its remote echo: the essay of Dr. Paul Carus, entitled "Friedrich Schiller: A Sketch of His Life, and an Appreciation of His Poetry," quoting passages and entire poems in translation from Bowring and Bulwer-Lytton.

Touching, to me, was the great "Volksausgabe" or popular edition, containing, in 488 pages of double columns, fairly spaced and legible, the poems and the plays of the beloved singer of German ideals. A truly serviceable memorial, this, giving the poorest workingman at a nominal price enough to encourage and cheer, refine and charm any honest soul for a natural lifetime. A pathetic witness, too, our big, honest, inexpensive quarto, to the pious love Schiller sang into the hearts of his countrymen. A great German poet all must admit him now; too rhetorical perhaps to endure translation so well as Goethe, having (but for Coleridge) never engaged the interest of a first-rate translator, almost limited therefore in appeal to his "speech-brethren" by his over-dependence on verbal melody, and suggestive resonance of phrase, and the sad lack of some FitzGerald; still, of the European singers and poets of the nineteenth century, he seems to-day only less universal than Heine and Leopardi, while none but Byron and Hugo surpass him in cosmopolitan authority. De Musset appears by his side provincial, Tennyson dilettante, Carducci pedantic. Over-praised at first, and then impudently patronized, he survives for us as the incarnation of the spirit of Teutonic philosophy; sublime hope beyond disillusion, exalted withdrawal to the hallowed privacy of the virile soul, stoic courage unto perfect self-mastery, when the lack of *Welt-politik* tempted his people to indulge in an inglorious hysterical *Welt-Schmerz*.

Who lives in glass houses should be gracious from prudential motives. And what translator does not dread a smooth pebble of the brook from the scrip of some ruddy shepherd boy? Yet

here we are still dependent in the main on Edgar A. Bowring (nay, your pardon, Sir Edgar) for our diffused (or rather undiffused) English knowledge of Schiller.¹ And, alas, what inconceivable ignorance of German was not his at critical moments! Particularly when we deal with the subtle poems of thought and spiritual insight does this failure to understand secondary meanings of the words, and idiomatic turns of phrase become disastrous, if not irritatingly droll. When, for instance, because of "Schein's" several meanings, a "bond's falling due" is metamorphosed into the "fading of a dream," we hardly know — in so serious a poem as "Resignation" — how we should becomingly take the unintended practical joke. Would that such things happened to us in life! And alas, more miracles occur of this sort when least expected. For instance, in "Fortune" (*Das Glück*) the secret birth of Venus out of the infinite sea, becomes an "ill-defined form," and poor Minerva is forced into an antithesis of sudden maturity; whereas the poet had intended both the gracious and the severe goddesses to illustrate the same principle of veiled beginnings for all things divinely great.

But of such like irritating blunders enough. Must Schiller endure popularization among English lovers of poetry through such a much-stained and smoked glass, lest the reader's eye be not compelled to see darkly enough for ethical enthusiasm and mystic glamours?

To our rescue came, six years ago, a piece of translating, self-advertised as conscientious, and that at times makes us long for a more elegant paraphrase — such as FitzGerald gave us of Calderon — but, nevertheless, does manfully assist us to the straight-forward sense for the most part, and not unseldom to some intimation of the eloquent fervour.

And yet of the two above indicated passages the latter only is well rendered by Arnold-Forster,² whereas the former follows Bowring into the same misunderstanding of the troublesome idiom.

Now years of earnest battling with problems intellectual, as

¹The Poems of Schiller, Edgar A. Bowring, *Bohn's Library*.

²The Poems of Schiller, E. P. Arnold-Forster. (Henry Holt & Co. 1902.)

they affected the real life-struggles of self and fellowman, have perhaps tended, with some lovers of poetry, to an unconscious overstress of the didactic. Indubitably it was some such bias that induced Matthew Arnold to estimate so extravagantly the merits of Wordsworth and Byron, and to dis-esteem Percy Bysshe Shelley so pitifully. He could not, doubtless, perceive just how the subjective idealism of our most ethereal singer might be turned to practical account in a British struggle for spiritual existence! So, aware of this peril, most of us at times are disposed, by reaction, to question our own longest and deepest loves for poetic oracles. Sophocles and Shakespeare and their admitted peers we will not hesitate to enthrone above temperamental disputes. But Leopardi, Hugo, Schiller (not to mention Arnold himself), Browning, Emerson, Tennyson and Rossetti, do modestly fetch a blush to our critical countenance, and haunt our proselyting courage with apologetic strains!

What shall a man say for himself when he remembers his boyish dote on Longfellow; his unearthly thrills in the solitude of wood and mountain, when Schiller took him up astride his private Pegasus beyond the "intense inane?" Sweet memories, holy prejudices! Must we turn and rend the inspirers of our boyish years? Yet, on the other hand, shall we impose outgrown idolatries on those spirits of to-day who are born to larger freedom of outlook, and a chaster, more educated taste?

Ever since that centennial celebration of the poet's death, I for one have been re-reading, every little while, my Schiller, blessing (with mental reservations) Sir Edgar and Bulwer-Lytton⁸—shaking my head at Arnold-Forster ominously, and pondering an onslaught on them who superciliously venture to ignore the claims of Germany's darling bard.

A Burns, a Chatterton, a Keats in one; to these add Wordsworth and a suspicion of the Landorian dignity and classic aloofness; fail not to assume the "mighty line" of Marlowe, and somewhat of the youthful rebellion and melancholy of Byron—and then perhaps for him, who knows not Schiller

⁸The Poems and Ballads of Schiller, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. (Reprint), Crowell & Co.

in the original, a notion of the German adoration may gently dawn on his bewildered eye.

The ballads gave to Schiller the hearts of the plain people; the plays secured the more sophisticated; and on these two performances must rest, no doubt, his reputation. "The Ring of Polycrates," "The Cranes of Ibycus," "The Fight with the Dragon," and "The Diver"—are, by common consent, achievements of the very first order. Even to-day "Maria Stuart" and "Wilhelm Tell" appear gracious, warm creations, that bind us with a spell of dramatic eloquence, which we are too grateful to disavow. Yet for those of us who believe in the prophetic office of the poet; who suspect that the test of life's aching needs is some warrant of moral truth in the preacher's deliverance; and that the æsthetic suasion of his form, coercing the sensitive poet, assists to chaste spiritual extravagance, to render sweet and sane the religious quest; for those who, while they would not bring ethical and dogmatic criticism to bear directly on the creations of the poet—to gyve his feet or clip his pinions—yet cannot but believe that (other things being equal) a poem gains much by its ability to feed our "moral being" and sustain our aspiration; for us, and the like of us, surely, an inventory of Schiller's lyric and epigrammatic poems of moral and religious thought, will not prove wholly valueless. For them, however, who reck nothing of such adventitious desert in things of beauty, we have no irate rebuke—only a courteous dismissal to the exquisite company of the "art for art's sake" guides into Elysian fields.

II.

From the poems of Schiller's "first period" little falls within the scheme we have proposed. The afflatus of the "Robbers" is not to be denied. Lovers of the "Gothic romance," so-called, may rejoice therein. Anne Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, Bulwer-Lytton, Edgar Allan Poe and Co., should never be without literary progeny. Yet, to have survived and outlived a "Storm and Stress" period of perfervid adolescence is, for a poet, no small luck and praise.

So we note, only in passing, the manful self-assertion that

expressed itself in Burns' immortal song, "A man's a man for a' that," and much less worthily, we regret to say, in Schiller's piece of verse-strutting, *Männerwürde*, and his honest rebuke to a pompous Pharisee:

A man am I. Who's more a man?
 Who claims to be? Go, spring
 Freely under God's shining sun,
 And lustily leap and sing!

* * * * *

Well, if through ice of the sophistic mind
 The warm blood hath a little gladlier purled;
 What may not be achieved of human kind
 Leave thou to denizens of a better world.

My earthly fellow doth the spirit immure,
 Though heaven-begotten; and behold, I can
 Nowise become a holy angel pure:
 So let me follow him, and be a man!

Far more profoundly are we moved, however, by certain poems of the second period, especially the three: *Der Kampf* (The Conflict), *Resignation*, and *Die Götter Griechenlands* (The Gods of Greece). The first stanza of his Hymn of Joy (*An die Freude*) had the signal honor to become part of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The Goddess of Joy makes all her votaries kin. And youth feels itself made solely to possess her forever! The moments when the human race triumphed signally we may therefore assimilate in our young enthusiasm, delighting in the personal value we assign to them as self-expression. "*Affavit deus, et dissipati sunt*" The vessels of our foe are scattered over the vasty deep. What youthful heart does not beat high?

But, however fancy and imagination may so transport us, we return ever in due time to our own single self; and there in our life we front quite another spectacle:

No, I will fight this giant fight no longer,—
 The fight of duty and sacrifice.
 If the heart's hot rage to soothe, thou be no stronger,
 Virtue, ask not of me such cruel price.
 Sworn have I, yea, most bindingly have sworn it,
 To wrestle with myself for mastery:

Have back thy victor's wreath ; though I have worn it,
I'll wear it never. To sin let me be free !

What biographically the immediate nature of the fight may have been is of no poetic consequence. Indeed, the last stanza profits by its very ambiguity, thereby getting reaches of significance that belong to the uttermost of man's aspiration :

Fair and dear soul, trust not this angel-seeming,
For crime, thy piteous kindness arms me now.
In the infinite realms with life's fair marvels teeming
Is there another fairer prize than thou ?

Or than the very crime I flee from, ever ?
O fate most tyrannous ;—
The prize to crown my virtuous will's endeavor
Doth slay my virtue — thus !

Howbeit, only on condition of ascetic self-denial may higher quests enjoy their fair fruition. Not that any mystic merit of the sacrifice secures our reward. Not that there has been providential malice in the universal order requiring our deliberate purchase with pain of the more enduring pleasure. Merely, that to no one may all at once be granted. With our inevitable, quite innocent limits of time and space and vitality, choice must be exercised as discreetly as may be, and the consequences abided by. This simple fact, when first intimately realized, causes each soul in turn acutest suffering ; and hence to mankind the promises of compensation in some life-to-come have been reiterated pathetically, and cherished in sheer despair of egoism. On these Schiller will not place reliance :

I also in Arcadia was born ;
And in my childish years,
Nature to grant me happiness hath sworn.
I also in Arcadia was born,
Yet my short springtide yielded only — tears !

Enumerating his sacrifices, his illusions, and disillusionments, shrinking from the cynical onlooker who recked not of invisible treasures, disquieted, disconsolate, all but remorseful for the irrevocable worthy choice, he obtains this oracle :

" I love with one love all my children," cried
A genius veiled from sight.

"Children of men, hearken; two flowers abide
 The prudent seeker, blowing side by side,—
 Hope and immediate Delight."

Who hath one blossom culled of the twain,
 Let him not crave her sister-bloom.
 Who hath not faith—enjoy! This lore's refrain,
 Old as the world: whoso hath faith—abstain!
 The world's recorded life—its Day of doom.

Hope hath been thine; then hast thou gained thy due.
 Thy faith—the grace awarded thee!
 Thou shouldst have asked thy wise men, for they knew:
 What might not of the moment's flight accrue,
 Shall be restored not of eternity!

Schiller's famous elegy on departed Hellenic polytheism—"the Gods of Greece"—has been fluently rendered by Mr. Arnold-Forster. That most pregnant epigram, however, which ends the poem, is not Englished with sufficient pungency:

And Fancy, crushed by life's stern pressure,
 Lives but in poetry sublime,

is more elegant, but not so direct as Bowring's:

All that is to live in endless song,
 Must in life-time first be drowned,

although it was not Schiller who specified a watery grave!

Again our subject is the question of a definite choice. Immortal life in song (that is long continued influence through the better part of man, his imagination and craving for the ideal) must first make itself known, ay more, deliver its credentials by tragic catastrophe:

*Wass unsterblich im Gessang soll leben,
 Muss im Leben untergehn.*

All that in Poesy shall live forever
 Must perish first in actual life.

With this insight, the poet Schiller, conscious of his divine call, could himself forego pleasure, and refrain from passion, not without intimations perhaps of his own early end. He too, must accept his destiny, and serve as an incentive, and live so that the spell of his verse should be reinforced by the idealiza-

tion of his personal career. Surely a fate deserving from happier men no unworthy pity!

Not that the young poet will fail at moments to regret the days of unreasonable expectations, and will hush melodious complaints which are themselves consolatory. So the elegy called "Ideals" makes an irresistible appeal to all who can love the palpitant life of youth in retrospect:

Ah, cruel, must thou then depart
And leave me joyless and alone,
Forgetful of what joy and smart
In close communion we have known?
Can nothing thy departure stay,
Thou golden stage of earthly time?
'Tis vain: thy billows roll away
To the eternal sea sublime.

(A-F., p. 113.)

For eight more stanzas Schiller reviews the losses and bewails them, ending as the undefeated man, whose vocation, and the fellowship it earns for him, suffice to keep him erect, with countenance of resolute cheer, face forward:

Of all that merry company,—
Which stood beside me to the last?
Which comforted my parting sigh?
Which will abide when all is past?
Friendship, 'tis thou, whose healing balm,
Is lightly spread o'er every wound,
Sharing our ills with loving calm;
Thou whom I early sought and found.

And Labor, thou, who, hand in hand
With her, can exercise the soul;
Who canst all weariness withstand;
Whose solid tasks with time unroll,
Although thou travail, grain by grain,
To rear Eternity sublime;
Years, minutes, days, thou canst detain
From the tremendous debt of Time.

(p. 113.)

In two at least of the ballads we seem to hear echoes of that oracle that came to him, so unambiguous and not to be denied: "Whoso hath faith — abstain!"

The classical allegory of the divine envy serves to illustrate the principle that not all can be had which the heart desires; nay, what is more, all that should not be had, even if accorded of

a partial fate. Polycrates, after exhibitions of incredible good fortune is admonished by his friend:

Wouldst thou immunity from grief?
Then pray the Gods, in kind relief,
To shade thy luck with sorrow's tone.
No man true happiness has gained
On whom the generous Gods have rained
Untempered benefits alone.

(A.-F., p. 156.)

In the "Cranes of Ibycus," by the operation of an *Æschylean* Chorus of the Furies, two murderers of the expected winner of poetic laurels, stand self-confessed. The awe is realized with great dramatic force, and we feel that somehow this was with Schiller a very real experience. He was not cold-bloodedly constructing a ballad to illustrate Kant's conception of the "categorical imperative;" he was imparting to us, by a tale, something of his own shudder at the mystery of conscience:

And between truth and wonderment
Each quaking heart with doubt is rent,
And worships the tremendous might
Which, all unseen, protects the right;
Unfathomable, unexplained,
By which the threads of Fate are spun,
Deep in the human heart contained,—
Yet ever hiding from the sun.⁴

(A.-F., p. 162.)

But our quest of truth has ever been at the expense of conscience. Always the old was settled in rightful possession. The new appeared as rebel, as invader. The youth, therefore, who would unveil the Image of Truth at Sais was indeed to Schiller more than the hero of a legend.

Far heavier than thou deemest
Is this thin gauze, my son. Light to thy hand
It may be—but most weighty to thy conscience.

(Bowring, p. 191.)

He lifted the veil. He saw. And never did he publish his vision;—only lived to warn all questioners:

⁴ Again here our complaint is that the translation seems to narrow the broad statements somewhat more to the particular situation than do the resonant lines of the original stanza.

"Woe—woe to him who treads through guilt to TRUTH."⁸

The Truth even can be approached no otherwise than as God's law doth allow.⁹ But the poets with all other artists have their custody of more than truth:

Ye hold in trust the honour of mankind.
Guard it! With yours 'tis closely intertwined.
The charm of poetry we rightly deem
Part of creation's well-appointed scheme.
Let it roll on and melt into the sea
Of a divinely blended harmony . . .
When Truth is taunted by its proper age,
Let her appeal to the poetic page
And seek a refuge in the Muse's choir.
Her real claims more readily inspire
Respect, that they are shrouded o'er with grace.
May she in song forever find a place,
And on her dastard enemies shall rain
Avenging paeans in triumphal strain. . . .

Ye freeborn scions of a mother free,
Press onward firmly with exalted eyes;
Perfected beauty only may ye see,
And lesser crowns ye need not stoop to prize!
The sister missing in this present sphere
Clasped to her mother's bosom ye shall find;
What lofty souls as beautiful revere
Must noble be, and perfect of its kind.
Poised high above your life-appointed span,
Let your ecstatic pinions freely swell.

The dawning image in your mirror scan,
And the approaching century foretell.
By thousand paths and many devious ways
Through every varied turning ye shall glide
To welcome in the fulness of her days
Harmonious concord, your delight and guide.

(A.-F., p. 97.)

With so deep a conviction, then, of his vocation, and with so exalted a faith in the divine function thus allowed him, why should the poet refuse to be deprived (by his great ministry of

⁸ Bulwer-Lytton's version.

⁹ The two ballads of Cassandra and the Diver each relate themselves to the same thought: To know what the Gods would conceal shall avail no man; to explore it, instinctively aware of tempting God—shall end in destruction.

delight) of what the common lot offers to mankind? Having friendship and work, knowing the tragic law of higher life through death, apprehending the oracle of necessary choice,—why should not the poet be of good cheer, even though Zeus seems to have divided out the earth already, reserving for him no equitable portion? His high-priesthood was, to be sure, foreseen:

Part of creation's well-appointed scheme.

And so, it could not have been, after all, an oversight, albeit the ballad entitled "The Partition of the World," so has it:

"If thou to dwell in dreamland hast elected,"
Replied the God, "lay not the blame on me.
Where wast thou when the sharing was effected?"
"I was," the Poet said, "by thee.

"Mine eye upon thy countenance was dwelling,
Thy heavenly harmony entranced mine ear;
Forgive the mind, thine influence compelling
Rendered oblivious of this sphere!"

"What can I do?" said Zeus. "For all is given;
The harvest, sport, the markets, all are seized.
But, an thou choose to live with me in heaven,
Come when thou wilt, and I shall be well pleased."

(A.-F., p. 221.)

So much for the prophetic revelation Schiller had as poet; a double assurance of the worth of intelligent sacrifice of the less excellent for the more perfect; the hallowed privilege of special self-immolation when granted a place near to the gods, and an influence on the lives of his fellow men beyond the span of his own personal life.

III.

Now in one single poem more than any other did Schiller express persuasively his philosophic counsel of escape from the actual world into what Blake so well calls the "Kingdom of the imagination." If Von Humboldt was advised to study it in "a kind of holy stillness—and banish during the meditation it required all that is profane,"¹ surely other readers less

¹Quoted by Bulwer-Lytton.

philosophically expert, less humanely equipped with spontaneous sympathy, (the very essence of culture), will find it necessary to analyze "Life and the Ideal" reverently and diligently, lest they fall short of its reach. They surely will not deem any assistance amiss provided it be offered in a duly humble spirit. Presuming then to helpfulness, one should tactfully conciliate the perplexed and discouraged students of our noble masterpiece, by confessing to frequent and painstaking perusals, ere the close metaphysics implied by the sententious oracular eloquence of the original (which captivates from the very first) could fully operate as the poet intended; convincing, that is and coercing the spirit to a world-oblivious enthusiasm, to a serene assurance in the possession for the moment at least of a saving truth.

Two translations are familiar to the English reader. Of these Bowring's is again and again abrupt in transition, inelegant, crabbed and awkward; in half a dozen crucial places, besides, it is indisputably incorrect.⁸ Bulwer-Lytton's, on the other hand, is prefaced by an analytic account of the contents, to which no doubt the version itself is indebted for its greater coherence. Unfortunately the translator, tracing back the poet's thought to its presumed erudite origins, erred vexatiously by importing into the poetic text such technical terms as 'Archetype' and 'Archetypal man' which Schiller himself very properly chose to eschew. He was in no need as was Bulwer to advertise his scholarship. He was not casting a philosophical essay into verse, but liberating rather a dithyrambic passion for the noblest self-control in an utterance at the same time beautiful and devout. It is not rhymed philosophy, but a philosopher's poetic fervor, for the enjoyment of philosophically educated lovers of poetry. Yet for all its pedantry, not a few felicitous renderings occur in Bulwer's translation:

Short are the joys Possession can bestow,
And in Possession sweet Desire will die.

Or again:

Let man no more the will of Jove withstand,
And Jove the bolt lets fall.

⁸e.g. Opening stanzas, 5, 6, the latter half of stanza 11. Stanzas 12, 14 and 15 alone seem adequate.

At all events the merit of making "continuous sense," of deference to higher criticism, however erroneous, should be stoutly maintained for this version; although the most attractive stanzas, notably the 10th, 12th and 13th,—are paraphrastically so free as entirely to lose touch with Schiller's obvious meaning. The latter two stanzas indeed, go so far as to destroy the effective form at parallelism established by a quadruple sequence of anti thetic stanzas, in which the practical, the æsthetical, the moral and the sentimental man are each bidden courageously accept the conditions of actual life, because they yield the right discipline and exercise to the spirit; whilst all alike should take refuge at need with the ideal, unto reinvigoration and renewal of vision.

The doctrine imparted in Bulwer's version of stanzas XII and XIII may or may not be consonant with Schiller's æsthetic theories; but the verses themselves certainly constitute no adequate rendering of the passage they are intended to represent.

It is a matter for regret that the publisher of Mr. Arnold-Forster's translation should have challenged comparison with Bayard Taylor's "Faust." The anonymous eulogist whom he quotes, "among the highest authorities on German Literature in America," most likely disdained to make a painstaking examination of some didactic piece (where faithfulness counts for almost everything), the original in hand, Bulwer-Lytton to right and Bowring to left of him, as fences limiting fancy to the possible in a translator's English. For so he could have easily ascertained, even on the most cursory inspection, how our belauded latest renderer of *Das Ideal und das Leben* glides over the crucial difficulties with an irritating insouciance, letting the thought-context shift for itself as best it may. Bayard Taylor, whatever his shortcomings as verse-wright on his own account, never failed to grapple the most intimate sense of Goethe (a more elusive and subtle poet, to say the least, than Schiller), nor to wrestle right manfully with his own mother tongue. If at times, he seems to have been lamed by the struggle, and guilty therefore of a halting quest for some remote locution, compelled in the end to content himself with a wrenched idiom, an erratic or perverse obscurity; never, at least

to our knowledge, did Bayard Taylor in facile rhymes smile his easy satisfaction at having avoided close issue with the ambiguous sense of a suggestive figure, the prismatic efflorescence of a verbal phrase, or such rhythmic virtuosity as will not be transferred from one tongue to another. Mr. Arnold-Forster has offered us, to be sure, a right tuneful series of stanzas. It will however go hard with the reader, we fear, if the poem of Schiller be as yet unfamiliar, and an honest endeavor is made to follow the thought from stanza to stanza in his version. Connectives implied in the German sentence-structure are not regularly supplied: and sometimes precision where the original is vague, and vagueness where it is emphatically precise, makes the task for the deftest, German poem in hand, sufficiently difficult.

Since this paper is written chiefly for such as have little or no German at their command, and considering the very great importance to the lover of poetry and moral science which all students claim for the piece under discussion, it seems only right to offer a quite untechnical elucidatory paraphrase, which he who scorns such aids may easily omit.

THE IDEAL AND LIFE

I. Because of the limits set us by our organism, we are constantly forced to a sore decision between alternatives, which are both in their way desirable.

II. Let us then resolutely elect the better, however dear it may cost us to forego the less excellent.

III. Yet man can even now (by creative thought) escape his impotence and insignificance, and dwell in a world not unlike that of Plato's eternal ideas; the world of philosophers, sages, poets and mystics.

IV. Borne thither, we are privileged to behold the Ideal Man, and for our spiritual warfare, the Victory of our Cause.

V. Nor is this entrance into a "Kingdom of the Spirit" meant to relax our efforts on earth, but rather to renew our courage and increase our strength.

VI. In the practical world, whether in sport or in earnest, none can succeed but in proportion to strength, skill and cour-

age; and it is well so, else should weakness, incompetency and cowardice prevail.

VII. Yet the strong, capable and brave stand often in the greatest need of rest; of realizing the stillness and sweetness that characterize the largest life.

VIII. Let no artist presume on his easier access to the world of the imagination; if he would glorify the ideal he beholds, he too must endure hardship.

IX. Should he however lose vision and confidence, he may behold his work, perfect already in divine preexistence, and so be enabled to toil on for its partial realization here below.

X. [All men are in a true sense artists and poets (endeavoring to create a poem:— their life and character)] and awful indeed is for them the discovery of the inevitable discrepancy between principle and performance.

XI. Yet a species of [Neo-Lutheran] salvation by faith [not altogether unlike the Doctrine of the *Theologia Germanica*, and the preaching of Tauler] can afford comfort and consolation; for by atonement with God man may within himself adore his God, and share in some degree His bliss.

XII. Notwithstanding, we are not God, and must feel the woes and iniquities of our fellow-men; so that at times we rebel, till our very desire to be at one with God will fail us.

XIII. Yet we learn in due time, that out of human sin and woe, proceed the highest good, purity and bliss; and we permit suffering and anguish to be transfigured [as in hero and martyr] to a thing divine; [in which God claims his human share].

XIV. So at least the old Hellenic Myth would teach us; the divine man was persecuted only to challenge the God in him to fuller manifestation,

XV. Which, when it had fully taken place, reconciled mankind to his passion, and their own.

Now lest this merely utilitarian prose account should not suffice, and the translation of Arnold-Forster appear too Swinburnian in its somnolent mellifluous drift nowhither, between silvery willows aware in twilight mist; a harder, less musical rendering is offered the patient reader, which has been attempted on pur-

ERRATA

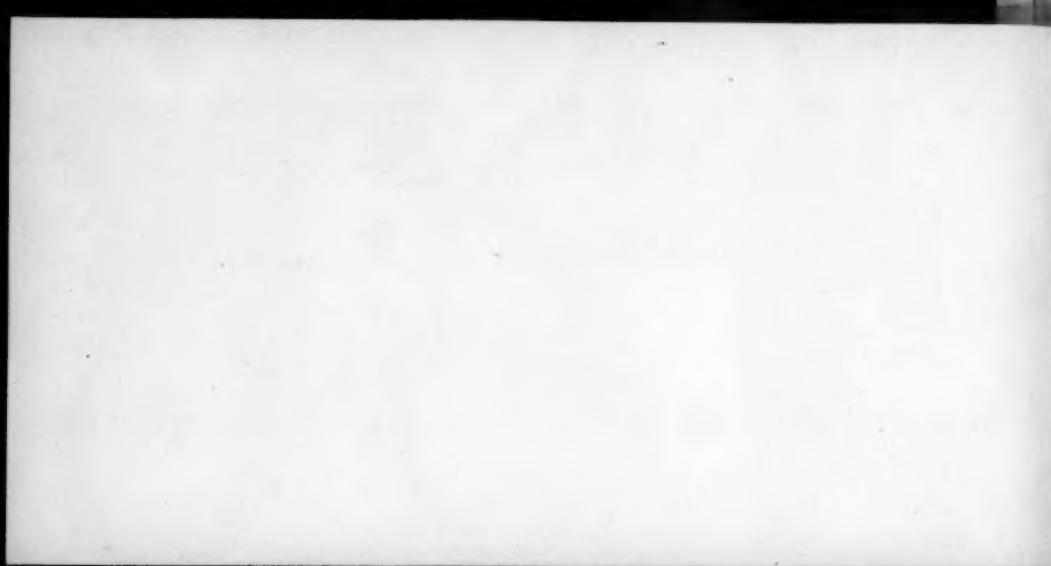
IN "LIFE AND THE IDEAL"

Page 205, for "*will blow*," read "*do blow*."

Page 206, line 17, for "*her wings*," read "*her quivering wings*."

Page 206, line 19, for "*into the heights*," read "*unto the heights*."

Page 207, line 22, for "*below thee harrieth*" read "*below thee tarrieth*."



pose for his possible profit, although we fear quite doubtful delectation. Whoever enjoys the German, has courteous leave to make merry at its infirmities, or to pass by on the other side. It "claims" nevertheless to be resolutely close to the original, even if not rarely it must entrust the associative values of a noun to epithets nowise in the text; and seek equivalents for Teutonic idioms that will not be Englished without too great violence to usage and the trained ear.

LIFE AND THE IDEAL

I

Forever crystal-fair and zephyr-soft
Life glideth calmly by, where throned aloft
The blessed Gods on heights Olympian;
Moons wax and wane,— folk-kindreds come and go—
But still the roses of their youth will blow
Changeless 'mid wrack of worlds. Ah me, and man
Knows the choice merely, dubious and sad,
Betwixt a thrill of sense and peace of soul!
The brows of the high Gods alone are glad
Of the twain wedded to a joyous whole.

II

Would ye, O sons of men, already be
Like to the Gods in Death's dominion — free ?
Then pluck not of his garden's luring fruit.
On the fair show of things delight your eye;
Possession yieldeth joys that straightway die,
Yea, slayeth sweet desire in swift pursuit.
Even Styx, Demeter's child with black folds nine
Of fathomless stagnant water, could not hold ;
She grasped the apple and therefore must she pine,
Chained to the grisly law of Orcus cold.

III

Howbeit the powers, that weave our darkling fate,
Beyond the body cannot wreak their hate ;
Free from all tyrannies of time and space,
Playmate of happy sprites, o'er fields of day,
Familiar of the Gods, divine as they,
Form moves enhaloed of immortal grace.
Would ye soar thither, wafted of her wings,
Ev'n now? Forthwith, earth's fears beneath you hurled,
Breaking the clutch of narrow dismal things,
Escape from life into the Ideal world !

IV

Young always yonder bideth, without flaw
 Or blemish earthly—in radiance and awe
 Of perfect bloom—the form of Man divine;
 As fared the shades by Stygian marges dumb
 In quiet sheen through a fabled Elysium;
 Rather, as stood—the azure for his shrine—
 The eternal Soul ere to the fleshy tomb
 She made descent out of her glorious place,
 When tremble in life the battle's scales with doom,
 There victory, smiling, greets thee face to face.⁹

V

Not craven limbs to rescue from the strife,
 But to refresh the fainting with new life,
 Doth victory wave her fragrant garland thus!
 Implacable, howe'er ye yearn for rest,
 Life hurtleth you on her steep-billowy breast
 And swift time swirlleth 'round uproarious.
 But should your courage waver—her wings
 Adroop for the dread sense of limits dire—
 Look up into the heights, where beauty brings
 Your spirits to their goal, and dare aspire!

VI

When war is waged for lordship or defense—
 Champion eyes champion, grappling might immense
 With dexter might—at fortune's call or fame's—
 Bare courage copeth ill with arm'd force;
 Likewise where chariots o'er the dust-choked course
 Shatter each other in th' heroic games:
 Valor alone can wrest him prize and praise
 That beckon from the goal attained; alone
 The strong shall master fate, and all his days
 The dastard weakling fall and fail and moan.

⁹ Dr. Paul Carus to whom this version was submitted and some of whose suggestions were accepted, takes decided issue here as to the interpretation. The German use of the adjective without its noun renders a delightful ambiguity possible, which the translator is obliged to resolve, supplying the noun he supposes to have been understood. Hence natural differences of opinion. His emendation runs as follows:

Life's phantoms thus by Stygian marges dumb
 In quiet sheen live in Elysium.
 Thus too stood she—the azure for her shrine—
 The Eternal Goddess ere to Pluto's tomb
 She made descent out of celestial light.
 Doubtful in life remains our battle's doom
 While victory here is always within sight.

VII

Yet see, the river of life, tho' hurling fierce
Torrents of foam where crags close-hem and pierce
His stream, doth flow — smooth, gentle, sinuous —
Thro' visionary calms of Beauty's vale,
Glassing upon his silver edges pale
Aurora blithe, or twinkling Hesperus.
Dissolved in gracious mutual love, and bound
Together freely in bands of comeliness,
Here impulse hath and passion respite found ;
And foes ban ire, sweet fellowship to bless.

VIII

When fashioning genius would a soul create
In what before was lifeless — fain to mate
Pure form with substance at his urgent will —
Bid manful diligence strain every nerve,
Bid courage vanquish matter, till it serve,
And the whole purpose of the Thought fulfill :
Only stern toil, and stubborn quest shall hear
The murmured runes from deep, hid wells of truth ;
Only the chisel's valiant stroke lays bare
What lurks within marble block uncouth.

IX

But if to Beauty's realm thou penetrate,
Below thee harrieth sloth and leaden weight
Amid the dust, and the heavy clod it sways.
Wrung with no aching toil from the crude mass
Behold, there,—sprung from nothing, come to pass
Even of herself — thy Vision beyond praise !
Quelled be thy struggles, all thy doubts allayed
In a serene content at mastery won ;
For lo, no trace remains of what betrayed
A human frailty in the work begun !

X

Whenso in man's poor nakedness ye face
The majesty of law, your pride abase ;
Guilt even to the holy One draws nigh.
Well may stout virtue quail before the rays
Of steadfast truth, and with averted gaze
Your deeds avoid perfection's searching eye.
For never mortal but his aim did miss.
No boat may ferry, and no bridge may bear

Over yon frightful sundering abyss;
Nor soundeth anchor its swallowing despair.¹⁰

XI

Take ye then sanctuary from imprisoning sense
In the far freedoms of high thought, and hence
 Hath every fear-begotten phantom flown;
The gap 'twixt purpose and achievement fills:—
Yea, draw the Godhead close into your wills,
 And he forsakes for you his cosmic throne.
None but the slave's mind feels a fettering sway,
 Who scorneth of the law its chastening rod;
For lo, with man's resistance passed away
 The awful sovereignty likewise of God.

XII

When the great anguish of the human race
Doth harrow you, and Laókoón's tortured face
 Of dumb woe, choked in the enclasping snakes,
Ye front; 'tis just your manhood should rebel,
And unto heaven proclaim the griefs of hell
 Until your heart for Ruthful sorrow breaks.
'Tis well that Nature's dreadful voice prevail,
 And youth grief-pallid weep with blinded eyes;
That pangs of death your deathless Self assail,
 Whilst ye for fellow-feeling agonize.

XIII

But nevermore in yon sun-happy realm
Where the pure Forms abide, shall overwhelm
 The mind such turbid wash of human woe.
Not here may pain the soul with grief transpierce,
Nor blighting tears be shed. The anguish fierce
 Now lives but in the spirit's battle glow;
Lovely, as hover shimmering rainbow hues
 Over the thunderous rack with sprightly glee;
So thro' cloud-veils of moody gloom transfuse
 Bright skies of cheer, and still felicity!

XIV

This lore the ancient myth to all made plain:—
How Zeus of yore did Herakles constrain

¹⁰The metaphor is in the last line resolved by the translator into its moral consolation.

"Nor ever anchor soundeth bottom there"

is a more literal rendering. So in the next stanza (line 4), "twixt purpose and achievement," are supplied to make the sense clearer—at the cost no doubt of some mysterious shudders.

To serve the coward and bear his rule unjust;
Humbled he went life's footsore ways, and fought
Unceasing; lion and hydra slew, and wrought
With his own hands huge labors; yea, and thrust
His body quick in Charon's doleful bark
To loose dear friends. Dire plagues and burdens great
Hera devised, and grievous care and cark—
But ev'r his fortitude outsped her hate:

XV

Until his course was run; until in fire
Stripping the earthly raiment, on the pyre
The God breathed freely Empyréan airs;
Blithe-hearted at his new-got power of flight,
Upward he soared from joyful height to height,
And down as an ill dream sank earth's dull cares.
Olympian harmonies the Man enfold,
Transfigured in the shining hall of Zeus.
With smile and blush the Goddess, see, doth hold
To his lips at last the cup of heavenly bliss.¹¹

The poem thus closes with a noble picture of Herakles (not forgetful, doubtless, of the significant fact that he is in the Enchiridion, the mythological type which Christian editors of that Stoic tract, replaced by the name of Jesus). We are shown how that human son of Zeus fought his way with stubborn courage against the persecution of the Queen of Heaven, until whatever in him was earthly, perished on the sacred pyre; whereupon the goddess (perchance Hera herself taking Hebe's room) offered him the cup brimming with the nectar of the gods.

So we conclude, in our case also, if heaven oppose, it is but a challenge, a veiled invitation to join the immortals themselves. Let Herakles encourage the victim of outrageous fate, to attain his destiny. And even now—whatever may beyond death await him—there is instantaneous admission to an Olympian

¹¹ Should the rhyme "Zeus"—"bliss" give offence, we offer an alternate rendering:

Olympian harmony the Man enfolds
In th' hall of Zeus transfigured; ay, and I see
To his lips with smile and blush the Goddess holds
Her nectar cup of immortality!

peace — the kingdom of imagination, the "realm of pure form" where he may dwell as free man,—aye, as king,—while enduring, perchance, servitude in the flesh and ignominious moral defeat.

What the prosaic summation of this remarkable poem's doctrines may portend, each competent reader can discern now for himself. For the sake, however, of his integrity of thought, let us protest in advance against any amiable overhaste, because of Schiller's undoubtedly noble attitude, to denominate him a Christian poet; unless, as the loose manner of some is, any moral worth and spiritual exaltation shall be accorded that dubiously honest courtesy, by our liberal Christendom!

The most Schiller has to say of immortality is — that we seem born for something better:

It is no vain, deluding thought
Which from disordered fancy springs;
By hope our hearts are plainly taught
That we are born for better things.
That inward voice, if we believe,
The hoping soul will not deceive.

("Hope," A.-F., p. 265.)

There, too, in the fourteenth stanza of the poem "Resignation," we are distinctly told that no dead has ever returned to bear witness (cf. st. 10, l. 8, "Ideal and Life") — exactly the opposite of what is claimed by the Christian Scriptures. And, be it noted, the "better things that we are born to" clearly signifies a Stoic elevation here and now by force of soul above the chaos of fate, from which we are at liberty to select what is akin to our destiny, and profits and ennobles our living spirit.

This is a doctrine only meet for such as be very valiant, prepared for abstinences, inured to disciplines, resolved, if need were, to self-immolation; who dare to become companions in deed and truth of Herakles, passing with him from their sacrificial labors into the heaven of triumphant thought, upborne by the very flames they kindled of the world's consuming fire.¹²

¹² Cf. Symbolism of Elijah's chariot, and the bolt of Zeus upbearing Oedipus in Sophocles' *Oedipus Coloneus*.

IV.

The "Walk" gives an account, in chatty hexameters, of the charm exercised on the poet by nature; then we see the rise of the city, the development of human solidarity, the successive appearance of industry, commerce, art and science, followed by the terrible avatar of Liberty, which, alas! seems to imply demoralization. Then we feel the dissolution of human society is threatened, and Schiller takes refuge again in nature, which becomes a sacrament of chaste self-restraint and restores man to primitive individual innocence and social health.

Much more has been made of this poem than we think, in spite of the beautiful close, is its real desert. The "Lay of the Bell" also appears to have been much overrated as philosophical poetry. Far more significant seem to us the series "Nenia," "The Child at Play," "The Sexes," "The Dance," "Fortune," "Genius" and "The Philosophical Egoist," of which, as poetry, we should prefer the three that seem to continue each other's thought: "The Dance," "Fortune" and "Genius." "Nenia" bids us think it no poor fate to be an elegy in the mouth of love; "The Child at Play" suggests how the child often admonishes stern duty for her lack of joy and vital courage; "The Sexes" set forth the organic mystery of two fold procreation, as a symbol leading to a comprehension of divine love;¹⁸ "The Dance" illustrates in most melodious verse that perfect repose which is the ordered motion of beautiful form, the explanation of which mystery is the gracious miracle involved in the dominion of "Measure," which dominion man, alas! in his play will acknowledge, and yet perversely disown, nay, even resist, in his serious avocations. Singularly beautiful is the noble plea in "Fortune" that we recognize the favorites of the gods without envy, accepting them as partial revelations of the divine mind and heart. "Genius" celebrates that fortunate man whose very whim is wisdom, whose irresponsible play turns out to be supreme achievement, for whom patient science and our proud moral disciplines have no contribution. Here, in the close of the poem, do we come nearest to that chief

¹⁸ Cf. "Woman's Worth," A. F., p. 262.

Christian conception of a "Son of God" the divine Child, perfect restorer of the race to a more than Paradisaic glory. "The Philosophic Egoist" serves as epilogue to our series, showing that nature, by turn both mother and child, cannot possibly yield her inmost secret to that philosopher who will grant no rational value or loveliness to unselfish impulses.

This remarkable sequence of poems in unrhymed elegiacs offers little difficulty to the reader who does not let himself be lulled into unintelligence by the melody of rhythm. They do not (except toward the close of "Genius" and now and then in "Fortune," and by gradual ascent throughout to the end of "The Dance") rise to any very lofty mood of poetic fury. For that very reason, perchance, they will serve as grateful comment on the more oracular lyrics in which the white heat of divine passion has fused into musical phrase the hard definiteness of Schiller's thought.

There remain two more pieces that must be painstakingly studied by any who would form a correct view of Schiller's position, namely, the "Words of Faith" and the "Words of Error."

The "Words of Faith" affirms that freedom of the quick mind; unwearied struggling for the divine in the simple spirit of the little child; and to hold steadfast above him ever as "truly existent" the "highest thought" he can think; these are the farts of the sane and saving faith. Having firm hold of such faith, one will be able surely to abstain from gross joys, and rest content in the stillness above the tumult of desire. The "Words of Folly" (rather than Error) are the supposition of a bygone or future golden age; of luck apportioned providentially in this (or any other) world according to desert (poetic justice, so called); and last (if not least) the arrogant assumption that any human theory will at any time compass the exactitude of a theometry (to quote Rossetti's clever coinage in "Soothsay"); for only the unseen and the unheard is the lovely and the true.

"It is not without, for the fool seeks it there;
Within thee it flourishes, constant and fair."—¹⁴

¹⁴ Bowring's version of the closing couplet of "Words of Error."

Now, then, the remainder of Schiller's lyric poems are, for our purposes, relatively negligible. Except the following two epigrams from the "Votive Tablets" they are unnecessary for a clear perspective. These we will quote:

All may share thy thoughts: thine own is only thy feeling.

Wouldst thou own him, feel, do not imagine, thy God. (A.-F., p. 310).

Otherwise rendered, for greater faithfulness' sake:

What thou thinkest is common to all; thine own is thy feeling.

Wouldst thou make Him thine own—feel then the God thou hast thought.

After this first, which speaks for itself, consider the following:

What religion I own? thou askest:—None of thy naming.

Why? thou askest again:—Why, for religion itself. (A.-F. p. 313.)

Less gracefully, perhaps:

What religion do I embrace? Well, none thou hast mentioned.

Wherefore, none of them all? Even for religion's sake.

From these two epigrams we gather, if we take them seriously, that, whatever dogma Schiller might have put forth, he himself would have found his very own merely in the quite incom- muncible states of feeling associated therewith—half vibrant overtones and undertones—mystic æolian harmonies; further, that for the sake of the spontaneous reality of his religion, he could not accept even his very own, if presented to him in the hard objective form supplied by a scholastic elaboration, or a series of historical experiments by the method of trial and failure such as the Church has set forth through her conciliar decrees.

And this have all the poet-prophets from the beginning declared with a singular unanimity, differing in all else. Here invariably do they part company (not at times sans sorrow) with the positive dogmatist (orthodox alike and heterodox); to ally themselves with the mystics, however disreputable; who whatever their self-supposed convictions of a communicable sort, by making God one with their will, find him in experience condescending to unity with their conscious spirit; and who like the poet make no effort to render a rational account of what be-

falleth their spirits rapt into the heaven of adoring vision, and direct knowing of God.

For Schiller the "highest thought" was the intellectual symbol; and the "little child" or the "genius" the human symbol of diety. For Schiller such a rapture of faith as his, was more than compensation for all sacrifices required, from the neophyte's, even to the initiate's into the supreme mysteries of life. To Schiller, science and morality were but scaffoldings necessary for the religious man in his irreligious hours, that he may then also approach the stuff of his life, and aid in its taking the divine form.

But there is for Schiller no one pattern. Each must yearn to "the whole;"—and each, if he would resemble the highest, must strive to become completely himself,¹⁵ and establish straightway his present freedom in the ideal,¹⁶ ere fate makes him adventure into the future dark of death.

V.

How easy for the reader to cry "and is this all?" What new thing has your seer beheld, that his poems should by a whole people be felt to have the authority almost of Scripture? Here then do we come again upon what constitutes the very essential preciousness of religious poetry, meaning thereby such poetry as proceeds from a spontaneous individually experienced religion.

The man is always more than the sum of his deeds, of his sayings, and of the accidents that befell him. The hero outlives many on account of his service, many a poetic or dogmatic apotheosis of his person. So likewise the poem. It has a right to be accredited also with all that its power of suggestion may yet legitimately bring to any human spirit. With no one reader even does any reading, however deeply felt, exhaust for all time its content. Other readings at other seasons will overshadow him, to his delighted surprise, with thitherto undivined hallowings of soul.

¹⁵"Votive Tablets." Duty of all and a problem. pp. 309-310.

¹⁶*Die Idealische Freiheit.*

What then? Will you undertake to confute the poet-prophet? If you do, he but eludes you. You meet him even in the precincts you thought he, heretic that he is, might not be allowed to profane. Behold him there throned as the very symbol of the deity you intended to adore in your self-righteous solitude and uniqueness!

And perhaps Schiller's greatness consists after all in just that power of uttering himself with a thrilling earnestness, while yet always reserving for his words a breadth of possible application; never quite narrowing his stated principles to the suggestive text or the particular dramatic symbol; leaving them to adopt for the reader in his own meditation other more sympathetic expressions, confident that they must in the end return for the happiest local instance and poetic presentment to the text or dramatic symbol Schiller adopted.

Hence, after four generations of reading, Schiller has lost no freshness; and even to such of us, as would in cold blood disagree with his doctrine, his lyric utterance continues to have human poignancy, and the most convincing and persuasive power. Blessed surely are the Germans who quite instinctively and sincerely love Schiller, and who have besides the world's only Schiller so to love!

WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE.

The University of the South.

HUMANITY'S LONG TRAVAL AFTER IMMORTALITY

Christian preachers and writers often assert, or seem to assert, that the doctrine of personal immortality and resurrection was new to the Gentile world when the first evangelists of the religion of the Christ went forth from Olivet in obedience to the command of Jesus to convert the nations, and that they owed much of their extraordinary success to the fact that their message contained that great doctrine. Undoubtedly there is a real and a very important sense in which it is true that "life and immortality were brought to light through the gospel," but we shall be hindered instead of helped in understanding that important statement by overlooking the fact that neither immortality nor resurrection were new ideas when Jesus appeared among men.

It is the purpose of this paper to enquire what was the distinctive peculiarity of the Christian religion in relation to these all-important themes, and to show what is the service which it has really rendered mankind in connection with them.

Let us first advert to the state of the question at the beginning of the Christian era. For immemorial ages the doctrine of a future life beyond the grave had left its traces in the religions and philosophies of mankind. Of this the earliest and most impressive example is furnished by ancient Egypt, "the mother of religion." The Pyramid texts of the 5th and 6th dynasties (B. C. 2750) show that men in that early age looked forward to a future judgment "according to the deeds done in the body." The ferryman who conveyed the departed in his boat to the Field of the Blessed, did not receive all who applied for passage, but only those of whom it could be said, "There is no evil which they have done." We need not recall the familiar picture of the deceased appearing before the tribunal of Osiris to answer "guilty," or "not guilty" of the forty-two sins, while his heart is weighed in the balances against the feather of truth to test the validity of his plea. But we must note that their doctrine of immortality went hand in hand with a

doctrine of the transmigration of the soul through every variety of animal life for a period of three thousand years when (so Herodotus reports their belief) it would return to the human body. Moreover their passionate desire to preserve the body from decay through the process of embalming, arose from the belief that as long as the body remained undestroyed, the soul would remain with it and not quickly pass into the bodies of the lower animals.

The Egyptian was never able to detach the future life entirely from the body. "It is evident that he could conceive of no survival of the dead without it."¹ "They said, 'As Osiris lives, so shall he also live.' As the limbs of Osiris were again imbued with life, so shall the Gods raise him up."² So in those earliest ages they contemplated death without dismay, for they said of the dead, "They depart not as those who are dead, but they depart as they who are living."

Now these beliefs of the Egyptians exerted a strong influence upon both Greek and Roman religious conceptions. Indeed the Egyptian religion was widely disseminated in the Roman empire and in Rome itself. This worship had gained a footing in Rome as early as the days of Sulla—it ran like wildfire over the Empire even as far as Britain.

Another example of the prevalence of the doctrine of immortality is furnished by the Eleusinian mysteries which had been in vogue for centuries before Christ. They were influential even as late as the close of the first century of our era. We find Plutarch (b. A. D. 46) comforting his wife on the death of their little daughter by recalling to her mind the bright vision of the future life which had been revealed to them in the secret mysteries of Dionysos. The thought of immortality is entwined round the legendary figure of Orpheus in the pre-historic age of Grecian story. Pythagoras discoursed of it more than five centuries before Christ. A century later Socrates and Plato constructed their great arguments in favor of the doctrine. The Platonists and Pythagoreans continued to teach it, more or less distinctly for centuries. Then the Roman philosophers and

¹ Breasted's Egypt, p. 68.

² Id. p. 66.

poets took up the argument, and the doctrine found able exponents in Cicero and Virgil. Even the Stoic philosophy, at first so unfriendly to it, yielded to its influence, and Seneca, in some of his moods, writes with almost the assurance of a Christian concerning the future life: "The moment of death," he says, "is the birthday of eternity; this life is but the prelude to a better life beyond the grave, where the wondrous secrets of the starry worlds shall be revealed."

In the same age we find Plutarch, the Greek historian, clinging fondly to the precious hope of immortality, and vehemently assailing those philosophers who seek to rob men of that hope, on the pretext of delivering them from superstition.

The picture, however, has another side. When we scrutinize it carefully, we find this hope of immortality was often very vague, very pale, and very weak. It was held with a hesitating grasp even by those who were most explicit in avowing it. Some, as the Stoics, held to the notion of a limited immortality; a life renewed beyond the grave, but only till the next great cataclysm of the universe. Others held it in the form of the transmigration of the soul into some other body, perhaps of the lower animals; others held to a kind of impersonal immortality. Even Plato in his sublimest and most triumphant argument for a future life, cannot hide — nor does he seek to hide — the shadow of doubt that darkens his own mind as to the possibility of any conclusive proof of immortality. The best argument he tells us, is but a raft upon which one may sail through life, in default of a revelation from God which might more surely and safely carry him.¹ And Seneca — the almost saint, the almost Christian, at least in his reasoning on a future life — even he wavers and hesitates at times between the creed of the materialist and the hope of immortality — appearing to admit the possibility of a return at death to ante-natal nothingness. This is the verdict of the chief Roman philosophers: "Great men avow rather than prove so acceptable a doctrine," and the greatest of Roman orators says of Plato's argument for immor-

¹ *Phædo*, p. 414.

² *Tusc. Disp.* I xi. 24.

tality: "I have often pondered it, but, I know not how it is, while I read I assent to it, but when I have laid down the book and begun to think with myself concerning the immortality of the soul, all that assent vanishes."⁴⁴ If we go down into the tomb excavated in our day at Mycenæ and at Athens, where we have, so to speak, a statue of the Greek mind in the presence of death, we do not see its brow lifted up to heaven and lit with the radiance of immortality, but rather we see it shadowed with gloom as it bends to earth seeking to gather up in memory's urn the ashes of the life that is gone.

We hear many strong voices lifted up in denial and refutation of the doctrine of immortality. Julius Cæsar in a public speech frankly avows his belief that death is the end of all things for man, "the final term of joy and sorrow." In the same age Lucretius, in his famous and wonderful poem on the nature of things, preached the gospel of nothingness after death; death was a night without a morning, a sleep without an awakening. And a century later Pliny the Elder, the accomplished naturalist, fiercely inveighs against the madness of the doctrine of immortality.

If we turn back to ancient Greece, we find the greatest of all her philosophers, Aristotle, testing the argument of his master, Plato, for immortality with his cold and pitiless logic, and arriving at the conclusion that there is no sufficient proof of a separate conscious future life for man. And then a century later rises Epicurus with his gospel of sensualism and his creed of annihilation at death — a gospel and a creed which exercised a wide sway over men for long ages after. It was, we are told, the prevailing philosophy in the last days of the Republic. On the tombs of the period we read such inscriptions as these:

"*Non fueram: non sum: nescio.*"

"*Non fui: fui: non sum: non curo.*"

The departing sensualist bids his friends walk in his footsteps,

"My friends, while we live, let us live;
Eat, drink, disport thyself, and then join us."

Popular sentiment was also reflected in another epitaph where we read:

"It all ends in the grave, or the funeral pyre."

Passing from the Republic to the early Empire, we find Cicero and Seneca, Juvenal and Plutarch, all testifying to the general incredulity in the immortality of the soul. Gibbon asserts that "at the bar and in the senate of Rome the ablest orators were not apprehensive of giving offense to their hearers, by exposing that doctrine as an idle and extravagant opinion which was rejected with contempt by every man of a liberal education and understanding."⁸

We find Tacitus, the greatest of Roman historians, wavering in opinion on this great theme. He expresses a faint, pious hope of eternal life for his hero Agricola—"if," he adds, "sages are right in thinking souls do not perish with the body." And Galen, the supreme authority in medical science in the Empire, is likewise undecided; he hesitates between conflicting opinions, and can reach no conclusion. It is strange to find a soul so deeply religious as that of Epictetus yet destitute of the hope of immortality. The withering creed of Lucretius has no validity for this noble philosopher. He sees God in the universe; he feels God within his own soul. He lives—and he calls on others to live—as in the sight of God, as the children of God; and yet he cannot grasp the hope of a future life. The immortality of the soul is not part of his creed, high and beautiful as that is in many respects.

Even stranger is it, perhaps, that Marcus Aurelius, the noblest and best of all the Emperors, the saintly philosopher clothed in the imperial purple, should also have rejected the hope of immortality. He was an affectionate father, a model husband, a faithful friend, a ruler just and conscientious, but he had no expectation of a future and a better life than this. Once plunged into the dark waters of death, the conscious ego would never emerge; the longing for immortality was in his judgment an irrational appetite. His creed was embodied in

⁸Vol. II. ch. XV. 78.

the precept given in view of inevitable death: "Be content; thou hast made thy voyage; thou hast come to shore; quit the ship." No wonder his soul was sad! No wonder he was a pessimist! No wonder he could see no hope of the world growing any better than it was!

This brief review of the opinions and beliefs of the ancients concerning the doctrine of immortality, will enable us the better to realize the achievement of the religion of Jesus Christ in establishing that doctrine so firmly in the minds and hearts of men. But what a spectacle it is that presents itself to the mind as we survey the history of human thought on this subject in those long ages before "life and immortality were brought to light" in the resurrection of Jesus Christ! We see the heart of the race longing after immortality, and striving with pain and travail to attain some assurance of it. An imperious instinct urges men to seek to preserve some bond of union with their loved ones whom death has torn from their arms. Equally imperious is the outcry of the human soul against extinction; and most passionate its longing for personal immortality. This instinctive longing was ever seeking to justify itself through the long ages. It appealed to reason, and right nobly did reason respond to the appeal to build a firm foundation on which this great hope of immortality might rest. It was a splendid structure of argument that the philosophers builded; it seemed firm and solid, and the immortal Hope seemed to rest securely upon it. But by and by this mighty foundation began to show signs of crumbling away. Other philosophers made appeal to reason against it. And so through century after century the battle of the giant philosophers went on, with doubtful issue. It is Plato and Cicero on one side; Aristotle and Lucretius on the other. Perhaps we must admit that on the whole the dialectical victory was with those who challenged the certainty of immortality. "Faith, or love, or instinct, may cross the dark river, but they go alone; reason cannot follow them. Nay more, reason shows that the visions which they see are mere shadows of projections of what we see, and feel now."⁶

⁶ Westcott, *Gospel of the Resurrection*, p. 155.

But as we study this conflict of ages, we see that the heart of humanity refused to acknowledge defeat. It is a spectacle of infinite pathos — men will not abandon the hope; they will not cease to cherish the vision of a better life beyond. The instinct of immortality is too deep and too strong to be extinguished by dialectics. Men bury it, age after age; but it ever rises from the dead and renews its imperious claim to be heard. What then is the conclusion which we must reach? I think we must say both were right. Reason could not justify the instinctive craving of the soul of man for immortality; the argument was inconclusive. But on the other hand an instinct so deep, so strong, so unconquerable, could not be delusive. If Reason could not justify it, neither could she discredit, or destroy it. The truth of immortality may be beyond the reach of reason, but it is not contrary to reason. If Reason cannot prove it, neither can she disprove it.

We come now to the answer to the question propounded at the outset of this discussion, viz: What was the distinctive peculiarity of the Religion of Jesus Christ in relation to the doctrine of immortality; and what service has it rendered mankind in that connection? The answer of the facts of the case — the answer of history — is that Christianity has cleared away the mists that encompassed this subject; and has "brought life and immortality to light." For the disciples of Christ the darkness of doubt concerning the future life "is past, and the true light now shineth." The questionings of the human heart through all those ages; its longings; its yearnings; its struggles after certitude on this tremendous question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" have at last been answered, been appeased in the revelation of the Gospel. The long, long travail of humanity — generation after generation, century after century — has found its end and its satisfaction in Jesus Christ and His resurrection.

Whatever some men may think of the truth of His religion, or of the reality of His resurrection, it is a simple matter of fact that His Gospel inspired in men a conviction and an assurance of personal immortality beyond the tomb which the world had never seen before. It was no longer held as a doubtful conclusion of dialectics, or as a belief based upon the instinctive

craving of the human heart; it was no longer a dim, unsubstantial vision floating before the mind; or a faint and wavering hope; it had become a joyous assurance, a deeply-rooted conviction, which led captive the captivity of doubt and fear — which inspired the heart of the Christian believer with an invincible confidence, and which found expression in the confident challenge:

“O Death, where is thy sting?
O Grave, where is thy victory?”

Thus the Christian faith and hope of immortality came as the answer to the long travail of humanity, and as the fulfillment and glorification of the partial truth contained in the pagan religions and philosophies of the ages. It was a stupendous achievement thus to conquer the doubt and perplexity of mankind and to set the hope of immortality in their heart as the very candle of the Lord. The greatness of the victory achieved by Christianity in this respect is difficult to realize. There are two historical scenes, however, which set over against each other, may help us to grasp the magnitude of the change wrought by the religion of the Nazarene. In the one picture we see “the High Priest of Jupiter, the head of the Roman hierarchy, the chief interpreter of divine things to the pagan conscience,” declaring before the assembled Senators “that immortality is a dream, and future retribution a fable.”⁷ In the other picture we see the Emperor, the head of the Roman State, presiding over that great Council of Christian Bishops which gave to the world the Nicene Creed, one of whose articles of belief is this:

“I look for the Resurrection of the dead,
And the life of the world to come.”

It remains only to point out how this great victory was won — to give reason why Christianity was able to achieve what pagan philosophy and pagan religion had both failed to accomplish. Was the dialectic of St. Paul more convincing than that of Plato? Not so; the apostle makes no attempt to prove by logic the immortality of the Soul. What then? He simply

⁷ Merivale, VII. 495.

preached Jesus and the Resurrection. This was the uniform method of the apostles and early evangelists. They did not offer men a new argument for immortality. Indeed they did not preach the *doctrine* of immortality. Instead of this they proclaimed a new and stupendous Fact. They went forth as witnesses of that Fact; and the Fact was the resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth from the dead.

Gibbon, we remember, seeking to explain how it was that the religion of Jesus "derived new vigor from opposition, and finally erected the triumphant banner of the cross on the ruins of the capitol," assigns as one of the chief causes of its success the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

In this the great historian has missed the point. That doctrine was not peculiar to Christianity. The religions of the East taught it distinctly and positively. Take as the most influential of these in the Roman Empire the religion of Mithra. Mithraism held out to men a positive hope of immortality. It was moreover an ethical religion and presents many remarkable features of resemblance to Christianity. It had its doctrine of a Mediator. It had also its sacraments — its baptism of blood and its communion of consecrated bread and wine. It told of a judgment to come after death, according to the deeds done in the body. It predicted a second coming of Mithra to end evil, when the dead shall rise again.

This religion, so superior in purity and elevation of thought to the polytheistic religions of Greece and Rome, held wide sway in the Empire from the reign of Tiberius onward. Like Christianity it was at first the religion of the poor and lowly, of slaves and freedmen. The soldiers of the legions became its missionaries. It spread westward and northward. Its chapels were found over Europe from the Danube to the borders of Scotland.

Why then did not the religion of Mithra conquer the world instead of the religion of Christ? If the doctrine of immortality was the great weapon which should win the hearts of men, then Mithraism should have been victorious, for it proclaimed eternal life as the reward of virtue. The Fathers, indeed, from the second century, saw in Mithra the most formidable rival

of Christ. Nevertheless it was Christ not Mithra who conquered. And why? Just because the religion of Christ did not preach an abstract doctrine of immortality, but proclaimed the stupendous fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. It has a living Christ to preach to men, a Christ who had trod this earth in quick sympathy with men, a Christ who had submitted voluntarily to the stroke of death for the redemption of men from sin, a Christ who in dying had conquered death, and who rose from the dead the third day; a Christ who dares to say to the trembling, doubting sons of men,

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

The skeptical historian of the Decline and Fall of the great Empire confesses that "the most sublime efforts of philosophy could extend no further than feebly to point out the desire, the hope, or, at most, the probability of a future state."¹ But the religion of Christ inspired in the hearts of men a profound conviction of the certainty of immortality and of the resurrection from the dead. So strong was this conviction, so firm its hold upon the minds of the disciples of Christ, that it triumphed—and still triumphs—over the fear of torture and death; so that multitudes, not of men only, but of women and even children were ready to die rather than deny Christ.

This achievement is peculiar to the Christian Religion. No other religion has succeeded in inspiring the minds of mankind over wide areas, with this joyful certainty of immortality and resurrection.

And if we are asked how we explain this unique power of Christianity, the answer is plain: it is because no other religion has a Christ to preach to men, a Christ who lived for mankind, who died for mankind, who rose from the dead for mankind. Yes, it is the Easter Message which has given new hope to the weary heart of the world, tired and worn with its long quest after immortality. It is the message of the Risen Christ which has at last triumphed over doubt and given mankind assurance of life and resurrection. But there is no Risen Christ, and

¹ Ch. XV. p. 79.

there is no Gospel of the Resurrection unless the death, the burial and the resurrection, are "facts, exactly in the same sense," "supported by evidence identical in kind," and "bound together indissolubly as the groundwork of the Christian Faith."

We heartily echo the strong words of Westcott: "If the Resurrection be not true in the same sense in which the Passion is true, then Death still remains the Great Conqueror. As far as all experience goes, no pledge has been given to us of his defeat. A splendid guess, an inextinguishable desire alone have sought to pierce the darkness beyond the tomb, if Jesus has not (as we believe) borne our human nature into the presence of God."

This is the strength of the religion of Jesus that it offers to men,—not a new argument for immortality,—not a new doctrine of immortality,—but the Gospel of the Risen Christ,—an actual instance of the conquest of death by a man, and that man the Representative Man, the Second Adam. This is the sublime message: "As all (who are) in Adam die, even so all (who are) in Christ shall be made alive."¹⁹

With this great gospel of the Resurrection (*I am the Resurrection and the Life*) ringing in his ears, every Christian man may go forth joyfully to his work and to his labor until the evening; and when the evening comes, and the shadow of Death falls across his path, he may make the last words of Edward the Confessor his own, and say to those around him: "Weep not; I shall not die but live; and as I leave the land of the dying, I trust to see the blessings of the Lord in the land of the living." This then is the conclusion of the whole matter. Christ's words, while yet he lived among men, were these:

I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die.

The world had never heard such words before. No sage, no philosopher, no prophet, had ever dared to put himself forward,

¹⁹The Gospel of the Resurrection, p. 6.

¹⁰1 Cor. XV, 22.

as Jesus of Nazareth here does,—not, be it observed, as the herald, or the messenger of the Resurrection and the Eternal Life, but as the embodiment—as the Source—as the cause, of the resurrection of men from the dead, and of their personal investiture with immortality.

It was thus “He brought Life and Immortality to light” in His own Person—in His own Resurrection. The words of St. Paul (as he really uttered them, not as our authorized Version represents them) answer our question. ‘What service did the Christian Religion render mankind in relation to this great subject of immortality?’ *πρῶτος ἐξ ἀναστάσεως νεκρῶν φῶς μέλλει καταγγέλλειν τῷ λαῷ καὶ τοῖς ἔθνεσι* (Acts xxvi. 23). “He first—by the resurrection from the dead—shall proclaim light to the people and to the gentiles.”

The old Gnostics were right when they called the Cross “Horos,” the Boundary Line. On the farther side of it we see Humanity painfully and fruitlessly striving to achieve for itself the certainty of immortality—as if in anticipation of the counsel of Constantine the Great when he said to the old Novatian, “Take a ladder, Acesius, and climb to heaven by yourself.” On this side the Cross and the Open Sepulchre we see men rejoicing in the revelation of immortality in Christ, while they behold the heavens opened and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man,—the ladder set up on Earth whose top reached to Heaven.

RANDOLPH HARRISON MCKIM.

Washington, D. C.

THE STUDY AND TEACHING OF HISTORY IN THE SOUTH

The South has its sectional peculiarities just as other sections have theirs; and these peculiarities must not be ignored. But the South has also its points of similarity with other sections, and these, I fear, we have sometimes neglected to dwell upon as they deserve. Thus, in examining into the study and teaching of history in American colleges,¹ especially before 1860, I have been much more impressed with the general similarities than with any sectional dissimilarities.

A marked uniformity is observable in the scope of the college curriculum and the distribution of the subjects of instruction among the members of the faculty. It concerns us to learn that the association of ideas, quite as much as material conditions, led, from the first and even well down to the close of the period, to the assignment of classical language, literature, and history to the classical professor, who frequently made a virtue of teaching the history from the original tongue. The president, with little regard to his scholastic antecedents, *ex-officio*, as it were, taught philosophy, intellectual, moral, and political. The latter, the possibilities of which were very dimly perceived, is the slowly developing mass out of which all the modern political sciences have since been differentiated. If the president had more than he could handle, the excess would go to the general utility man, probably to the professor of belles-lettres and rhetoric, who is frequently found with political economy and general history to teach. As the bodies of teachable knowledge grew, additional professors would be provided—if the college could afford it—and history and political economy are found

¹SOURCES:—Study of History in American Colleges and Universities, Herbert B. Adams, U. S. Bureau of Education, Special Circular of Information, No. 2, 1887. The Series of Monographs Higher Education in the various States, edited by Adams, published by the U. S. Bureau of Education. Manuscript letters and reports, some prepared with great care and detail, concerning conditions in many institutions, prepared by officers and alumni of the respective institutions, in the possession of F. W. Moore.

paired with metaphysics, moral philosophy, and belles-lettres in the title of the new chair.

American conditions produced many weak colleges, and the most vigorous expanded slowly. New foundations were made in the old States as population grew dense, and in the area of new settlement as the frontier moved west and southwest. In 1800 there were seven colleges in New England (including two in Vermont), six in the Middle States, five in the South Atlantic States, and four in Tennessee. From 1821 to 1850 four were founded in New England, thirteen in the Middle States, fourteen in the South Atlantic States, eighteen in the Southern States west of the mountains, thirty-seven in the Western States, and three in the Pacific States. Individuals, religious denominations, and States established these schools and appealed, each after its kind, to a limited constituency for patronage and support. I will not say that it was not the best policy, but it would be hard to prove that even the colleges fittest to survive did not pay the price in delayed enlargement of faculty and retarded differentiation and expansion of courses.

Occasionally, within a pretty well-defined period of time, there is evidence of a general tendency among the stronger colleges to expand in a particular direction. The occasion is never hard to find. The earliest instance of the kind which I have noticed seems very plainly to be the academic recognition of that interest in the study of politics which came with the patriotic fervor of independence and the sense of responsibility which independent self-government awakened. From Williams and Yale on the north to William and Mary and North Carolina on the south, professorships of public law were projected and temporarily established, not to train the young lawyer for his profession, but to provide liberal instruction in things political for young Americans of culture.² In these days of small faculties, narrow curricula, and prescribed studies, any man who graduated had about all that any college could afford him. There was little if any inducement to stay longer or go else-

²For the lectures of James Wilson as professor of Public Law at the College of Philadelphia (University of Pennsylvania), 1790-92, see his "Works," in two volumes.

where, and few could or did go abroad. When the young man had graduated he was ready to teach in whatever position his opportunities, his years, and his bent conspired to provide a berth for him. The vast majority has long since been forgotten. Here and there one achieved distinction. I call attention to the notable individual instances of a professor devoting disproportionate time to one, presumably his favorite, subject, developing it, making a reputation upon it, writing a treatise or textbook, and materially enlarging the body of knowledge upon it. Such men were the specialists of their day. Political economy was a notable specialty, the earliest in the field under discussion.³ Cooper, natural scientist and president of South Carolina College, 1820-63; Vethake, mathematician and for two years (1834-36) president of Washington (and Lee); and St. George Tucker, professor of moral philosophy and political economy in the University of Virginia, 1825-45, are three names among eight or ten, the most familiar of which are Wayland of Brown and Bowen, of Harvard. Cooper's influence in shaping economic opinion was not confined to his class-room, where it was great. He ranks among the foremost public men of his State in the period from 1820 on. American constitutional law is by nature an American subject. In the development of it Dew and H. St. George Tucker may stand over against the more famous Story. In political science, Francis Lieber, prominent and influential as professor of history and political economy in South Carolina College, 1835-57, is the contemporary and peer of Woolsey.

The course of affairs in America illuminates Freeman's famous phrase, History is politics long since past, while the politics of the immediate past and the present is rather the field of constitutional law and political science. American history was frequently specifically limited to the colonial period, or to

³ Cooper's edition of "Say," 1819. Tucker's "Principles of Rent, Wages and Profits," 1837; his "Theory of Money and Banks investigated" in 1839. Vethake's "Principles of Political Economy" in 1838. Dew's "Lectures on the Restrictive System in Economics," in 1829. McVickar's "Outlines of Political Economy," in 1825. Newman's "Elements of Political Economy," in 1835. Raymond's "Political Economy," 1820. Wayland's "Political Economy," in 1837.

the end of Washington's administration. But St. George Tucker, already named in connection with political economy, with his two-volume "Life of Jefferson," his "History of the United States to 1841," and "The Progress of the United States in Fifty Years, 1790-1840," may fitly take his place as the contemporary of Sparks with his "Life of Washington," and his edition of "Smyth's Lectures on Modern History to the Close of the American Revolution, 1476-1790."

Of these men and others like them it could be said that they were superior to the lack of textbooks, for they could create them. But the rank and file of teachers could not. They are crowded for time and overburdened with many subjects. For methods of instruction they depended by necessity or custom on the lecture and the literal recitation. They suffered for the lack of suitable manuals for the use of their students. Yet such manuals as existed were used regardless of sectional or national origin. Priestley in history and Vattell in law ante-date the year 1800. Adam and Tytler in history were used soon after the opening of the century. Cooper's "Say," McVickar's "McCulloch," and the other American textbooks on political economy, owing more or less to Smith or other foreign masters, became available from 1819 to 1840. Eschenburg's history was translated in the third decade and Weber's in the fourth. The textbooks in constitutional law were brought out in the thirties and early forties.⁴

Indications of foreign influence abound. Sometimes an American professor studied abroad. More frequently foreigners were appointed to American professorships. Lieber, him-

⁴Tucker's four-volume "History of the United States from their Colonization . . . 1441," was issued in 1806. Francis Bowen, tutor in Greek at Harvard, 1835 ff., brought out an edition of "American Documents of the Constitution of 1789." Adams, "Study of History" pp. 24-5. N. W. Fiske, professor of Greek language, literature, and belles-lettres, 1825-33, translated Eschenburg's "History" from the German. A little later Bowen translated Weber's. Adams, "Study of History" pp. 24-5, 73-4. Dew's "Digest of the Laws, Customs, Manners, and Institutions of the Ancient and Modern Nations," (D. Appleton & Co., New York), 662 pp. royal octavo. The "Digest" was privately printed for class use while the author was professor of metaphysics and political economy at William and Mary, 1827-36. Adams, "William and Mary," p. 50.

self a foreigner, cherished the memory of a personal friendship with Niebuhr in Italy. Gessner Harrison, professor of ancient languages at the University of Virginia, 1828-59, and teacher of ancient history, drew inspiration for his work from Niebuhr even in the early part of his career and welcomed Arnold's "Rome" and Grote's "Greece," and the manuals that later came out.⁵ W. H. McGuffey, he of the "Eclectic Reader," successor of St. George Tucker, professor of moral philosophy and political economy at the University of Virginia, 1845-73, gave a course in political economy in 1850-51 with four foreign treatise and one American: the authors were Montesquieu, De Tocqueville, Guizot, Say, Mill, and Grimke.⁶ What better could a college student in the fifties expect in that line?

As the volume of teachable knowledge grew the necessity for additional professors increased and they were provided from time to time according to the financial strength and the enterprise of the institution. The very fact of additional instructors would of itself bring some differentiation of subjects. But nowhere, not even at Harvard and Brown, is there a complete separation of the political and historical disciplines from language, literature, and philosophy. Nowhere is there any suggestion that a professor by absorption in one subject and special training for it would be disqualified to give a suitable college course in one of the others. But as elsewhere, so in some Southern institutions, notably William and Mary College, and the University of Virginia, there were several men at one time

⁵ Remarks of Dr. W. H. Broadus, quoted in "University of Virginia," Adams, p. 164.

⁶ At the end of the second volume of my father's copy of Mill's "Political Economy" (Boston Edition of 1848), is the following note:

"University of Virginia.

"Political Economy—W. H. McGuffey, Professor.

"List of textbooks used session of 1850-51:

"1. Say's 'Political Economy.'

"2. Guizot's 'History of Civilization.'

"3. Grimke's 'Free Institutions.'

"4. Mill's 'Political Economy.'

"5. DeTocqueville's 'Democracy in America.'"

My father has often spoken to me of the value of that course under Dr. McGuffey.—Letter of Dr. J. H. Latane, Washington and Lee University.

who, whatever their academic titles, gave the best part of their time and thought to studying and teaching history and political science. In 1847 a public subscription of over \$20,000 was raised to endow a chair of history and belles-lettres at the College of Charleston. In the early fifties a professorship of governmental science and law was established for both the college and law students by the University of Mississippi.⁷ Virginia established a chair of English and history in 1857. If at the University of Alabama, Tytler's history was recited line by line,⁸ that was the method against which Andrew D. White protested as a student at Yale about the same time. On the other hand Lieber used the lecture with liberal library references and quizzes on both notes and readings.⁹ It must be borne in mind further that it was in 1857 that Andrew D. White began as professor of history and English literature at the University of Michigan,¹⁰ that C. K. Adams was one of his first pupils, and that W. F. Allen did not settle down at the University of Wisconsin¹¹ until after the war. Yet these are pioneers in the new historical movement.

The influence of war in stimulating a patriotic interest in history, national and general, is well recognized. But the very same national successes which in the North stimulated historical interests served in the South to dampen the patriotic ardor of the people. Devastation, poverty and humiliation was their lot. In what could they boast?

When the revival of interest began in the South, the veteran of the Civil War was one of the sources from which it proceeded, not the only source, but one which was both important and characteristic. He was growing old and his fellows were rapidly passing away. As the self-respecting parent of children and grandchildren who held him in filial regard it peculiarly behooved him to see to it that his name went down to history un-

⁷ Riley MS.

⁸ Conversations with Dr. W. J. Vaughn, Vanderbilt University.

⁹ Conversations with Dr. W. J. Vaughn, Vanderbilt University. "Higher Education in South Carolina," Meriwether, pp. 173-8.

¹⁰ McLaughlin-Russell MS.

¹¹ Butler, and Turner-Hackett MSS.

tarnished by partisan accusation and unclouded by misrepresentation. Though defeated in war he was determined not to suffer the common lot of the defeated who do not write their own history. It would be strange if he himself were not sometimes partisan and if time were not necessary to mollify the acerbities of the conflict of words as well as of arms.

But there is now a goodly number of young men in professional positions in Southern institutions who have had the advantage of training in the best historical seminaries of this country and Germany. Most of them are Southerners by birth, and they are busily engaged in studying Southern historical problems as other students study Southern or other problems, for history's sake and that of our common country. Thus, it seems to me, has the study and teaching of history in the South resumed its parallel and equal course again.

FREDERICK W. MOORE.

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

THE SOURCES OF MILTON'S *LYCIDAS*

It must be admitted at the outset that we can seldom discover by investigation the exact sources of a modern poet's lyric forms. We cannot read the secrets of a mind when the physical brain that was the medium between us has been dust and ashes for two centuries. It is easy to see that Byron used the Spenserian stanza in his *Childe Harold*. It is incomprehensible that old Abraham Cowley, with the correct imitations of Ronsard and of Ben Jonson already in print, and with the Greek text in his hand, should have called his rough, shambling, irregular stanzas, "Pindaric odes." We have Milton's own copy of Pindar, and all the Greek texts of that period were clearly divided into the three regular stanzas of the Pindaric triad, strophe, antistrophe, and epode. So Cowley's mistake is one of the most ridiculous yet happy blunders in literary history. It is certainly reasonable to suppose that he was swept away into a more or less unconscious imitation of the successful and wonderfully harmonious stanzas of Spenser's *Epithalamium*, and especially of Milton's *Lycidas*. If this be conceded, then all the wide ranges of modern irregular verse, whether lyric or narrative, can be distinctly traced, not through the odes of Cowley to the lyricism of Pindar, but rather through Cowley and Milton to the Italian *canzone*.

No less a critic than Dr. Johnson alluded to this Italian model for the *Lycidas*, yet no scholar, apparently, has ever before followed out the suggestion. The Italian *canzone* of Dante and Petrarch, which is derived from the even more artificial *canzon* of the Provençal, is invariably a beautiful lyric poem, regular in form, and of some length. It consists of four or more long stanzas which look irregular upon the printed page, and it commonly ends with a shorter, more simple stanza called the *commiato*. In reality, each long strophe in a given *canzone* must be exactly like every other. The unit of composition, therefore, is the stanza, not the triad. Each stanza is divided by a very intricate rhyme-scheme into two unequal parts,

called *fronte* and *sirma*. This may well be illustrated by the scheme for the famous *canzone* of Petrarch beginning,

Chiare, fresche e dolci acque,—

where the letters represent the rhymes and the figures and the number of syllables in the lines, as follows:

(a b c a b c c d e e d f f)—13 lines.

7 7 11 7 7 11 7 7 7 7 11 7 11

We have, in the first place, the vast learning and authority of Schipper¹ for the statement that this complex yet strictly regular Italian form was the model for all the ode-like stanzas of Spenser, Sidney, Drummond, and so of Milton's *Lycidas*. True, the latter is often printed as a pastoral elegy without spacing between its natural divisions. But in the Trinity college manuscript the *Lycidas* is divided by large initial letters into eleven irregular stanzas. The edition of 1638, though printed as a continuous poem, is separated by indentations into six parts; that of 1673 again into eleven stanzas like most modern editions. Clearly, then, the *Lycidas* may be regarded as a long, irregular poem. Now the conclusion, both in thought and form, is like the Italian *commiato*. We know that the Elizabethan lyrists imported nearly every Italian form, including the *canzone*, into our language. Milton himself became a master of Italian, journeyed into Italy, and also composed a short, irregular poem which he wrongly calls a *canzone*. This is in the Tuscan language. Finally (and this is a beautiful example of the necessity for textual comparison), upon looking over the Trinity facsimiles recently, I noticed that the large initial letters marking the stanzas were not indented, but were projected into the left hand margin after the manner of the early Italian printing. It is quite obvious, therefore, that Milton wrote the *Lycidas* in imitation of the Italian *canzone*.

It cannot be said, however, that Milton invented the dithyrambic stanza or poem. Many of the Greek choral odes are single, long strophes composed of lines of various lengths. The same is true of an occasional chorus in the *Aminta* and the

¹ *Englische Metrik*, Vol. 2, p. 802.

Pastor Fido, which, as Italian pastoral dramas, must have had some influence upon Milton's *Lycidas*. In English, Barnabe Barnes was most active among the early Elizabethans in importing Italian forms. In his *Parthenophil* and *Parthenope*, 1593, Barnes published several *cansoni*, one of which, for example, has seven stanzas of sixteen lines each, rhyming as follows:

(a b b c b a a c c d d e e d f f)—16 lines.

5 3 5 4 5 3 3 5 3 5 5

Here the letters represent the rhymes and the figures the number of meters in the lines. Turberville has also an interesting, regular poem of seven stanzas entitled *The Lover Obtaining His Wish*. It is a quaint, fantastic experiment in versification, adorned with many dissyllabic rhymes. The scheme is,

(a a b b c d d f f c e e f g f g h h)—18 lines.

2 1 3 2 1 3 4 4 3 4 3 4

The most curious and influential innovation of the Elizabethans, however, was the development of the madrigal. From a short poem of six or eight lines, such poets as Barnes and even Sidney increased the number until the madrigal became a lyric of fifteen, twenty, and indeed twenty-nine very irregular lines. The fifteenth madrigal of Barnes is a good example, rhyming,

(a b a b c b a d c d a c d b c b a)—17 lines.

5 3 5 3 5 3 5 5 5 3 5

Sidney's 56th Madrigal is a dainty poem, which by its beauty and variety of metrical effects may well have had great influence upon the countless lyrics of the age. Its rhyme-scheme is,

(a a b c c b b d d e e d e f f)—15 lines.

3 5 3 5 3 5 3 5 3 5 5 3 5

It reads:

MADRIGAL 56.

Why dost thou haste away,
O Titan faire, the giver of the day?
Is it to carry newes
To western wights what starres in east appeare?
Or dost thou think that here
Is left a sunne, whose beams thy place may use?

Yet stay and well peruse
 What be her gifts, that make her equal thee :
 Bend all thy light to see
 In earthly clothes enclos'de a heavenly sparke.
 'Thy running course cannot such beauties marke.'
 No, no ; thy motions be
 Hastened from us, with barre of shadow dark,
 Because that thou, the author of our sight,
 Disdains't we see thee stained with other's light.

Many similar poems, which are close imitations of the various stanzas of the Italian *canzone*, appear also in the longer odes and epithalamia of Sidney and Spenser.

These novel experiments, which may often be called wild or dithyrambic strophes, together with many purely English inventions, gave to the immense volume of Elizabethan lyricism a diversity and a glory that no subsequent age has surpassed. Milton himself wrote several short poems composed in complex metres, *On Time*, and *At a Solemn Music*. But I have not been able to find in any earlier literature a long poem with the free and intricate structure of the *Lycidas*. Some critics find Milton's model in a quaint production of Ludovic Bryskett, called *The Mourning Muse of Thestylis*. This, however, is a pastoral of one hundred and ninety-five dreary Alexandrines, rhyming in almost any fashion so as to leave one line unaccounted for and unrhymed. The true forerunner of the *Lycidas* in form is undoubtedly Spenser's *Epithalamium*. This first great ode in our language is composed of twenty-three long strophes which follow no definite rhyme-scheme. Moreover it departs still farther from the Italian form in having two irregular stanzas, one of seventeen and one of nineteen lines, while all the others have exactly eighteen. In reality, the *Lycidas* has no prototype. By sheer force of genius, Milton combined at once all the results of the preceding experiments, and freed English versification from the trammels of classic and mediæval tradition, by the production of an absolutely irregular lyric poem.

The *Lycidas* contains all the infinite variety, even the utter license of lyric meters found in any modern ode, yet is restrained by an inner, indefinable law and sense of proportion. I cannot stop here to analyze the whole poem. It is divided by indentations into eleven stanzas ranging from eight to thirty-

three lines. The majority of its passages are in iambic pentameter. The first line,

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,

does not rhyme with any other line in the stanza, which has about the same length as the stanza of an Italian *canzone*, in the scheme.

(a b c c b b d e b d e b f b)—14 lines.

5 4

While the second runs,

(a b b c c d d e)—8 lines.

5 3535

where the first and last are unrhymed. The concluding strophe or *commiato* is an exact imitation of the Italian model, rhyming,

(a b a b a b c c)—8 lines.

5

It is quite unnecessary to more than allude to the beauty of the poetic diction, as well as to the wonderful melodies that are woven into these free and dithyrambic measures.

In this pastoral elegy, Milton has of course but continued the imitation of the Alexandrine poets, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. Yet his may be considered the highest development of this type of lyric expression. In conclusion, I am inclined to agree with Mark Pattison's enthusiastic praise:

"A period of a century and a half was to elapse before poetry in England seemed, in Wordsworth's *Ode on Immortality* (1807), to be rising again towards the level of inspiration which it had once attained in *Lycidas*."

And this is no careless comparison. For the last and most important step in this discussion is to point out the manifest blending in the poem of elegiac elements with those of the ode. In this respect also Milton is only following the example of the Alexandrine school, as was shown by Professor William P. Trent in the January issue of this magazine,¹ 1898. It is clear that the strongest portions of the elegy are those in which

³ *Sewanee Review*, Vol. VI. p. 15. January, 1898.

Milton rises to what he calls his "higher mood," namely the two digressions. Now Professor Trent has more recently set forth psychological and biographical arguments for believing that the sincerity of the elegy depends not upon Milton's rather slight acquaintance with Edward King, but upon that digression which is known as his attack upon the clergy. We know that Milton thought of taking holy orders, that he was deterred by the corrupt condition of the Church under Laud. Is it not natural then to suppose that he would lament most sincerely the death of the one promising young man who might be expected to reform the degraded clergy whom Milton describes with such scathing ire? Thus the digression, rising as it does to the mood of the denunciatory ode, may be considered the kernel or central theme of the whole composition. It is certainly the only explanation for the sincerity which everyone feels in each line of this genuine lament.

If these facts be accepted, all these metrical and poetic sources, as well as a critical study of the poem, enable us to call it a pastoral-elegiac ode. It is far more evident, therefore, that *Lycidas* may be considered as the model for the blundering and absurd Pindarics of Cowley, and so must have had incalculable influence upon all modern poetry. For the underlying principle derived from the preceding investigation is this: Just as Shakespeare would override the Greek laws of dramatic unity, and as Milton disregards the strict rhetorical unity of his *Lycidas* for the sake of a higher end, so the English genius in poetry may be said to have triumphed most often by yielding to its delight in variety of metrical expression, and by adapting without exact imitation all earlier metrical forms. From this transcending of strict metrical laws, in large measure, has come the greater diversity and the grandeur of English poetry. And in the discipline, no less than in the liberating of the English poetic genius, Milton is the supreme master.

H. F. HAMILTON.

Flushing, N. Y.

RUSSIA'S FOUR CHANCES FOR A SEAPORT

The present-day ferment in the troubled land of Czar Nicholas II, is apt to make the world forget a Russian characteristic; it might also be written *the* Russian characteristic. To put the statement another way, modern readers, perhaps naturally, have their attention centred on the social side of the Slav make-up rather than on what may be termed the international side. That the people (concerning whom we usually think of the individual units of that mighty mass of one hundred and forty-six million souls and more) should merge into a self-governing nation is uppermost in mind, to the forgetting or ignoring of that nation as it now stands in relation to its world neighbors,—in the main expressed only by a (minority) bureaucracy, to be sure, yet, none the less, definitely expressed.

If in Russia's past history there is one thing more noticeable than another, it is the consistent, constant, unwavering march of her government towards any goal once decided upon. In this the vast empire of to-day differs essentially from all the other great empires of history. It is not due to the initiative and conquering genius of any one controlling mind; it is not another agglomeration of territories such as Alexander or Napoleon bound together with the cords of their personalities. Nor is it the result of an almost hodge-podge growth, as is the mighty British Empire of 1909. This sum-total of one-seventh of the land surface of the globe, which we call Russia, is the consummation of a centuries-old scheme of expansion, never once lost sight of. Arminius Vambery, the Hungarian traveller, who has studied Asia for quite half of his long life; Lord Curzon, than whom there lives no sounder authority upon all things which have to do with "the cradle of the nations;" the late Charles Emory Smith, who, as American Minister at the court of St. Petersburg, watched developments there at first hand,—these are but three of those warranted to speak on the subject, who insist upon this great central fact: the unwavering unity of Russian aims.

Thus, since the twelfth century, czars and ministers have

come and gone. The political schemes of contiguous countries have changed with the years. But Russia herself has never once faltered in her search for an ice-free seaport. Behind all the more immediate causes of "the recent unpleasantness" in the Far East, lay this 700-year-old policy, as the just-published chapters from General Kuropatkin amply bear out; and however the events of to-day and to-morrow may delay the present continuance of that search, nothing is to be more certainly expected than that the day after to-morrow will find Russia (no matter how she then may be constituted politically) once more taking up her march towards a roadstead, open and unblocked by ice.

In this the empire of the Peters and Ivans, the Alexanders and Nicholases will be acting only as an impartial observer must consider her absolute right. It is a recognized axiom in modern statecraft that the confines of no country may properly be considered as fixed till all its provinces have free access to a commercial seaboard. This granted, the conclusion is unavoidable that the frontiers of Russia are yet to be modified.

The ancient state of the Czars, dating to 862, when Rurik laid its foundations at Novgorod, has never been possessed of an ice-free port; a port, that is, which for a great part of the twelve months is free enough from ice to allow reasonably easy navigation. Seven hundred years ago, when the second and third Basils sat upon the mediæval throne of Moscow, their flag flew at Archangel and Riga, the one, of the same latitude as Behring's Strait, ice-locked three-fourths of every calendar; the other, though lying 800 miles to the south and west, being but little better. The founding of St. Petersburg in 1703 brought no relief, and when the Black Sea ports (years later) became actualities, lo! there was the gate of the Dardanelles soon to be closed to full maritime freedom.

In 1555 chance, masquerading under the guise of the Uralian patriarch Kaid Ediger, had pointed Ivan the Terrible eastward in his search for this ice-free port, but that adventure has now been ended by defeat at the hands of the once-despised Japanese. Okhotsh, on the sea of that name, won by the soldier subjects of Alexis (1650), was worse than Riga. Vladivostok, occupied in 1860, still lay a good 250 miles to the north of the

line which may be drawn between the 37th and 38th parallels to indicate the ice-line. Port Arthur, resulting from the shameless international bargain by which Japan was ousted from the Liao-Tung Peninsula in 1895, and the succeeding "lease" of the land from helpless China, promised well, but failed of its promises.

Then Russia's eyes rested upon Fusan, at the southern end of Korea and quite 200 miles below the ice-line. But Korea was not to be Russianized. Port Arthur and Mukden and the Sea of Japan decided that, probably once and for all. Three centuries and a half had failed to find an ice-free port in Europe; three centuries and a half have failed of the same purpose in Asia. To-day Russia is as much shut off from that legitimate goal of all nations as ever she was. Yet, if the axiom already referred to holds true,— where is she now to turn?

Four possibilities present themselves:

(1) She may conclude with her recent foes a treaty which shall allow her full maritime privileges at some Pacific port, convenient to her Trans-Siberian road;

(2) She may be able to arrange with Mohammed Ali the Russophile Shah now struggling with his subjects, for a port on the north coast of the Persian Gulf, reached by a railway line southward through the Caucasus;

(3) She may be able to complete some give-and-take bargain with regenerated Turkey, which shall open up another chance at the Mediterranean; or

(4) She may reach some arrangement with new-born Norway, by which the north Atlantic will again become for her a possibility.

In each case, more obstacles are to be foreseen than assistances, though it is to be born in mind that the united influences of the European Powers, against each forward move on Russia's part, is by no means now to be counted upon as has been the case during the memory of living man. The recent war in the Far East has resulted, among other things, in a decided change in this one-time solid front against Russian advance. It is beginning to be realized that the northern people's demand for a port, adapted to wide commercial use, is legitimate. This is

not to say that Russia will find positive assistance in any of the moves here suggested; it is rather to imply that she will no longer find opposed to her the politically unanswerable argument of the *vis major*.

To look a little more closely at the four schemes suggested, one may promptly dismiss the first as at least practically beyond the probable. No roadstead will answer Russia's needs to the north of Port Arthur, which has already proved inadequate, and to look to the south is to look in Korea. That one-time "Hermit Land" is not only very near Japan, it has become actually Japanese, and no one expects the Mikado's advisers to present his late enemies with any foothold which in years to come could be turned to baneful use against the ambitious future of busy little Nippon. Moreover, so lately as the summer of 1907, Russia and Japan supplemented the Portsmouth treaty with an agreement covering all the moot questions centering in their own corner of the eastern world, and Russia finds in that document no faintest hint that she is to be given anything even distantly approaching such Pacific port rights as she must covet.

The Persian Gulf seems equally barred against her. The Anglo-Russian "Agreement," signed in the September of 1907 by Earl Grey and Baron Izvolsky, in that third of it which deals with the venerable autocracy of the Shahs, makes no mention of the Gulf. It delimits two "spheres of influence," and a so-called neutral zone in which these two giant neighbors of Persia shall peacefully struggle for ultimate mastery, but not a word is set down regarding that inland ocean which is believed to hold so important a place in both the commerce and strategy of the future. None the less surely is it denied to Russia. "His Majesty's government," said Earl Grey in the House of Commons, soon after the convention had become an international fact, "will continue its direct efforts for the preservation of the *status quo* in the Gulf and the maintainance of British trade there, as it has for more than an hundred years." Signed codicils could be no plainer. Russia is strong with Persia; an immense per cent of the finances of the country are in the hands of Russian bankers, and Ali Mirza is known to feel more than a

little friendly towards his big brother to the north. But the "Russia-in-Asia" slogan has not yet lost its ominous sound in British ears, and it is not to be expected that "the bear that walks like a man" will be allowed to make his lair on the coast just west of Baluchistan, with command of what in a few years more will become "the short route to India,"—by rail across Asiatic Turkey to Basras, and thence through the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea.

The third and fourth proposals seem more probable. Be it granted that Russia must have proper port facilities (and, to repeat, Europe is really beginning to grant that): these two routes seem most reasonable. That to the north, across the top of Norway, would mean the least shifting of the present Continental balance, which is a matter much to be desired; only the coolest heads and steadiest hands may tamper with the European scales without world-wide calamity following. It will at once be suggested that the treaty signed in the November of 1907 by Norway, Russia, France, Germany and England, guaranteeing the neutrality and political integrity of the land of King Haakon VII would preclude any such possibility. Not necessarily. Norway may not sell or lease an Atlantic port without the permission of the other powers signatory to the agreement,—but such permission is not to be ranked with the impossibilities of present-day politics. In connection with this suggestion—and ever bearing in mind what has been said of Russia's relentless pursuit of any goal once determined upon—what weight is to be given the fact, not long ago reported, that Russian troops and engineers were installed in barracks just across the Czar's line from Lygenfjord, engaged in railroad building?

Norway, too, well might win for herself equivalents richly worth the right-of-way strip which would be considerably under one hundred miles in length, measured west from Russia's present farthest northwestern frontier. In such a contingency, Narvik, not only Norway's but the world's northernmost open harbor of considerable size, would almost indubitably be the port aimed at. There are Swedes who fear that Norway, having become an independent kingdom, would be unable to repel an attempt

on the part of Russia to conquer it by way of Narvik, and that Russia, having once gained a foothold on the peninsula, might "bag" Sweden, too. According, however, to Hugo Ganz, who recently visited the region, such fears are futile. The mountain roads from this harbor, he declares, are impregnable, being cut largely out of the sides of the precipitous rock and only just wide enough for two wagons to pass. A single regiment, with a few guns, could defend such a defile for months.

The third of the possibilities stated — one would almost write it as the one nearest probability — has twice been brought close to public attention during 1908. First, in the spring, Austria announced her intention of building a railway south-east through the Novibazar district and Macedonia to Salonika, at the head of the *Ægean Sea*, and instantly Russia replied: "If you do, I shall build at right-angles with you, and hitch the Danube to the Adriatic." Neither road will soon be built, if the political barometer is to be trusted, but nothing else could so clearly have pointed both Russia's still-cherished ice-free-port plan, and this chance of finding it on the Mediterranean itself.

With the summer came a change in the Turkish situation which, to all present seeming, is of primary and permanent importance. The national constitution, suspended after three months of futile life in 1876, at the *coup d'état* which cast the unfortunate Murad V into prison and set the unspeakable Abdul Hamid on the throne whence he has since misruled, has been restored, thanks to the clever activities of the "Young Turks" party. If time proves this to be, in very truth, the establishment of actual self-government; if the better classes of the Turkish people, in deed as well as name, are to have real voice in directing their country's destinies, abroad and at home, then it is well within the bounds of possibility that they may find it to their national advantage to enter into some "give-and-take" bargain with long-balked Russia, by which she may gain access to Southern waters. This is yet, of course, scarcely more than a matter of academic speculation, affairs in the Near East are in a state too far from settled to count upon, but the promise of the probability of such an outcome is excellently good.

Wherever and whenever and however the geographical change may come, by which the land of the Czars (though it then be a constitutional monarchy, or even a republic) is to win its tardy way to a seaport legitimately its right, that change is, sooner or later, inevitable. Some such advance — somehow — sometime —may be counted upon.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

REVIEWS

AUTHORITY, ECCLESIASTICAL AND BIBLICAL. By the Rev. Francis J. Hall, D.D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology, in the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, Illinois. Longmans. 1908.

This and its companion volume, also to be noticed, are the second and third in a projected series of ten volumes, which, when completed, will constitute a treatise upon Dogmatic Theology from the Anglo-Catholic standpoint. The introduction to the series, which appeared some time since, has already received notice and comment in *THE SEWANEE REVIEW*. (October, 1907).

In treating of "Authority, Ecclesiastical and Biblical," Prof. Hall has a congenial subject. For authority, as represented by theologians in whom he has confidence, Dr. Hall shows the greatest respect. In voluminous foot-notes he refers (somewhat indiscriminately, it is true) to theologians of every school. While intensely dogmatic, Dr. Hall is not, nor does he wish to be in any sense an independent theologian; his desire is simply to be a mouth-piece of the *vox Ecclesiae*. A clear and logical writer rather than a profound thinker, Prof. Hall has a very distinct gift for systematizing; he however shares the defect of many logicians in that his processes of thought are somewhat hard and rigid.

Private Judgment, the *testimonium Spiritus Sancti* in the mind and soul of the believer, is tacitly excluded by the whole tenor of this book on Authority; it is, in fact, so far as we have observed, not considered at all.

We have space to refer only to two interesting discussions. In considering the claims made for Papal infallibility, Dr. Hall shows himself to be a staunch Protestant, in the older sense of that term. Speaking of the case of Pope Honorius, who, as the Roman Catholic Hefele shows, was condemned as a heretic by the Sixth Ecumenical Council, Dr. Hall says (p. 165), not without a certain grim humour, "There is something grotesque in calling an infallible Pope a heretic."

In treating of inspiration and authority in their relation to Holy Scripture, Dr. Hall takes these two terms as practically

synonymous. The Bible is the Word of God; its inspiration is plenary, although at the same time different degrees of inspiration are admitted. In Chapter III, Part III, the infallibility of the Church is also maintained.

W. S. B.

THE BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD. By Professor Francis J. Hall,
D.D. Longmans. 1909.

In this volume as elsewhere Professor Hall's standpoint is Scholastic; with Protestant and "Modernist" tendencies he has scant sympathy. After discussing theological agnosticism, he proceeds to the consideration of Christian Theism and of the various arguments in proof of the existence of God. In the remaining chapters the divine attributes, "quiescent, active and moral" are treated. Dr. Hall does well in directing attention to "the difficulty which bald Unitarians of every type experience in retaining a firm and living hold upon the truth of divine personality. . . . Thus it is that pantheism is peculiarly successful in undermining Unitarian theology, for Pantheism is the natural refuge to those who lose their hold upon the doctrine of divine personality." (p. 244). Again—"The fact that Trinitarian theism can hold its own more easily than any other monotheistic doctrine against Pantheistic perversion, shows that it constitutes the best working form of theistic doctrine." (p. 245).

On pages 273-5 we note what appear to us some questionable statements in regard to divine acts and operations, *ad extra*, particularly in regard to the relation of eternity to time: "The external operations of God are . . . eternal in themselves, and without beginning, end or change, since the will from which they proceed is eternal." Dr. Hall here appears to sacrifice the truth which is contained in so-called "anthropomorphic" expressions in Holy Scripture, especially in the Old Testament, where we read that "God finished his work which he had created and made," and that God "rested on the seventh day." (Gen. 2; 1-3). But according to Dr. Hall, "the divine act of creation, being eternal, never began." (p. 274). Again (p. 275)—"Divine action would not be absolute in its

fulness and freedom, if it were conditioned *otherwise than voluntarily* [italics ours] by the laws of time and change." But is it not the very point of God's great work of creation that therein and thereby the Almighty vouchsafed to limit Himself through entering into relations with His finite creatures? In so doing God acted voluntarily, indeed, for all His acts are voluntary. Another questionable statement, as it seems to us, is that "while God can cause temporal, mutable and contingent events, He would not be God if He could initiate, modify, or bring to an end His causal action itself." (p. 275). In this passage, as in the following pages, Dr. Hall protests overmuch against the idea of any voluntary self-limitation on the part of the Divine Being. His attitude in this regard was made sufficiently clear by his work, published some years ago, on "The Kenotic Theory," in which Kenoticism in all its forms, from that represented by Martensen and Bishop Gore to the more radical theories of Godet and Gess, was root and branch condemned. "The nature of these effects" (wrought in the sphere of Creation and Providence) "is due to the will of God, and they may not be regarded as limitations of His power, which cannot be reduced or abandoned" (p. 276). True; but to accept limitations is not necessarily to 'abandon' one's power, or even to have one's power 'reduced.'

Once more; we fail to see how the statement that predestination to life is conditional (p. 281), is reconcileable, either with Article XVII, or with Dr. Hall's further statement on the following page, as to "the eternal, immutable and all-controlling quality of the divine will, as contrasted with the reality of temporal contingency and human freedom."

In spite of the above strictures which we have felt it our duty to make (and which of course by no means indicate the positive and constructive value of Dr. Hall's work), we feel that we ought not to lay down these volumes without saying that in our judgment the present series, as it has thus far appeared, is making a significant and encouraging addition to the somewhat scanty theological literature of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

W. S. B.

THE ONE CHRIST: AN ENQUIRY INTO THE MANNER OF THE INCARNATION. By Frank Weston, B.D., Canon and Chancellor of the Cathedral, and Principal of the Theological College, Zanzibar. Longmans. 1907.

This is another of the books called forth by the Kenotic controversy. It is a study of the divine personality of our Lord, in its relation to His human nature. Cautious and conservative, not to say somewhat timid in his method, Mr. Weston is careful to maintain the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation as this is summed up in the Athanasian Creed. At the same time, he is anxious to make allowance for whatever elements of truth may have been brought to light by such recent students of the subject as Godet, Dr. Fairbairn, Professor William Newton Clarke, and Bishop Gore. The works of Dr. DuBose he appears not to have seen; but, as he says, "Books take a very long time to reach a mission library." The present volume is the outcome of diligent study of the New Testament passages which set before us the divine Personality of our Lord in its various aspects; as well as of a careful investigation of the teaching of the Church Fathers upon the subject. But, owing perhaps to the vastness and complexity of his theme, Mr. Weston has hardly succeeded in placing before the reader a clear and definitive result. The book, as the title itself would indicate, presents us with a process of inquiry rather than with a final conclusion. In fact, the subject as Mr. Weston leaves it at the end of his book seems even more complex and intricate than it did at the outset. On the whole, the author appears to have been mastered by his subject, rather than to have in any real sense mastered it; his conclusion, as stated on pages 319-324, is involved and obscure. Indeed, the impression left upon the reader's mind is that the publication of this book was premature, inasmuch as the author seems to have no sufficiently definite and positive conclusion to present. On pages 313-317 Mr. Weston has some helpful remarks upon our Lord's divine Sonship, as exhibiting "two essential characteristics of sonship; reception and dependence." This line of thought, if it had been followed up, might have resulted in shedding a much fuller light upon the great subject of the Incarnation.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. By The Rev. Wm. Walter Smith, General Secretary of the Sunday School Federation of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Secretary of the New York Sunday School Association, etc. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. 1909.

Dr. Smith is one of the foremost workers in the cause of the advancement and improvement of Sunday-school methods to-day. He regards the work of the Sunday-school as of paramount importance in religious education; and would base it upon sound psychological and pedagogic principles. In the present volume he has collected a great mass of material bearing upon the subject, with copious suggested readings and an ample bibliography. At the end of each chapter are "questions for thought and discussion," making the book a suitable one for use in normal training classes. The book concludes with an interesting history of religious education, and, in particular, of the modern Sunday-school movement. A volume to be heartily commended to all who are interested in the religious training of the young.

THE MAKING OF CARLYLE. By R. S. Craig. New York: John Lane Co.

As the title suggests, this volume purports to be a biography of Carlyle, covering the period of his life from birth until his reputation as author was fully established, namely, with the publication of the "French Revolution." The biographer's intention is to present a less formal and more intimate "life" than biographies generally do, but he fails in this. Perhaps it is an impossible task. At any rate the author convinces us that Carlyle's personality is unsympathetic and unattractive.

The elements that entered into the "making" of Carlyle were the character of his borderland peasant parents, his strong clan feeling, the creed of his kirk, his wife Jane Welch, his loyal friend, Edward Irving, and — his dyspepsia.

The book suffers from several grave faults. One is diffuse style. Another is the constant recurrence of tiresome anticipation of future events. For example, the numberless allusions to Jane Welch and the married life of the pair. They begin almost on the first page and are often repeated in almost the same

words. The thread of the narrative, consequently, is often broken, and to one who is unfamiliar with Carlyle's life, the references to future events about which he as yet knows nothing, must be extremely annoying.

The author does not hesitate to lay bare the serious blemishes in Carlyle's character and work, but on the other hand he is too fulsome in his praise of his really good qualities. Such hyperboles as "Was there ever such a family?" "Was there ever such a brother?" "Thomas Carlyle was a very lonely old man, none lonelier than living;" "Carlyle was the bravest of the brave," etc., are tedious and unconvincing. Aside from these faults, the book is interesting and instructive enough. Two really fine portraits of Carlyle adorn the volume.

A LORD OF LANDS. By Ramsey Benson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

In the teeth of illustrious failures, Mr. Ramsey Benson has had the courage to put into fiction a situation which both Economics and Sociology might claim as their own. The tale he has made is thoroughly engaging; one would never suppose that a story of this class would engross the reader's attention to the point of demanding to be completed in one sitting; yet such is the case. An Irish-American switchman in a great city finds himself and his neighbors menaced by poverty too terrible to be endured. Selecting sixteen families, carefully chosen, and securing after a struggle the financial backing of a great railway president, he persuades his neighbors to answer the call of "Back to the land!" Each family is made the holder of thirty acres; the homes are thus close together and social contact easy, the advantages of a community secure, while the effects of community ownership are avoided. Within a few years the former carpenters, teamsters and mechanics have made themselves fairly successful farmers and have paid back the railway president's loans.

The author earns the reader's good humour by his reasonableness. The Robinson Crusoe style of the narrative—the switchman relates it all—with its naïveté, and the orthodox

amount of "homely wisdom," is gravely maintained, and delights the reader with its fine consistency. The author has a pet theory — about the necessity of cross-breeding among the nations — and perhaps on this score we may excuse the ponderous and somewhat unimaginative Irish-American, for surely he is a hybrid type.

After the quiet humour of the manner of the story's telling, the skill with which Mr. Benson makes the situation of the entire artisan class evident, deserves comment. He has tried to make the life of a class of humanity his subject, and in so far has failed to do justice to character. This we are ready to forgive the writer of so amusing and thought-provoking a book.

**TWO OF THE MOST REMARKABLE OF THE SONNETS OF FRANCIS BACON,
THE TRUE SHAKESPEARE.** By Henry Hamilton Harwood. A Compilation, Arrangement and Composition. Richmond. 1908.

The one hundred and thirty pages of accumulated evidence, collected at the cost of valuable time and still more valuable money, have grown out of the challenge of Richard Grant White to Baconians to "produce the goods." And this book is anything but a freighted argosy. Anyway, whether Sonnets XXVI and LXVI are Shakespeare's or not, the writer certainly proves that they are Bacon's, provided you are inclined to believe that way. The main trouble lies in the giving of challenges by literary men, particularly Shakespearian scholars, to Baconians.

RAHAB, A DRAMA. By Richard Burton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1906.

THE SAXONS. A Drama of Christianity in the North. By Edwin Davies Schoonmaker. Chicago: The Hammersmark Publishing Co. 1905.

The younger writers who attempt the poetic drama frequently invite failure. If the theme is one that can be dramatically treated, there is a tendency to over lyricise; if it cannot be, there is the temptation to run into the epic. Burton's drama handles the Old Testament theme with restraint and is comparatively free from the lyric weakness. The "Saxons" is only a drama in name.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH. By F. K. Aglionby. Longmans.

This life of Bishop Bickersteth, the saintly author of "Yesterday, To-day and Forever;" of the hymn "Peace, Perfect Peace," and of other religious poetry less well known on this side of the Atlantic, is written by the late prelate's son-in-law, the Rev. Francis K. Aglionby. It will be welcomed by those who knew and valued the writings, or who came under the influence of the sweet spirit of Bishop Bickersteth. Though not intellectually a great man or a great leader, Bickersteth was a singularly devout soul, a representative of what was and is best in the typical "Evangelical" character. His life has left its impress upon a large circle of persons who will reverently and affectionately cherish his memory.

THE LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN. By Charles Mercer Hall, M.A. Longmans.

The Christian life is set forth as a Way, — in the first place, a way of Faith, Hope, Love; then in connection with Prayer and the Sacraments; and finally as a way of Penitence, including Contrition, Confession and Amendment. Directness of statement and intense earnestness characterize this little work, which is apparently the outcome of addresses made at Missions. The statements made are supported by constant references to Holy Scripture, as well as to the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. The principles of the "Catholic" section of the Anglican Communion are here set forth in summary form.

STUDIES IN VICTOR HUGO'S DRAMATIC CHARACTERS. By James D. Bruner. With an Introduction by Richard Green Moulton. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1908.

This little book of sympathetic and scholarly interpretation of Hugo's Hernani, Ruy Blas and Lucrezia Borgia has developed from articles previously published, and gives a unity that the individual articles did not possess. The introduction has a particular value in that it gives to the book something of the character of general dramatic interpretation.

NOTES

THE REVIEW has received several publications of The Alcuin Club, an organization formed for "the promotion of the study of the history and use of the Book of Common Prayer." Of these, two belong to the category of "Collections," while two are more properly designated as "Tracts." Under the former head are "The Edwardian Inventories for Buckinghamshire" (No. IX), edited by F. B. Ecles, and "Pontifical Services" (No. XII) the latter being illustrated from woodcuts of the sixteenth century, with descriptive notes by Mr. Athelstan Riley, M.A. The remaining volumes consist of "The 'Interpretations' of the Bishops, and their Influence on Elizabethan Episcopal Policy," and "The Sign of the Cross in the Western Liturgies." The series is being published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., and is beautifully printed on paper of the highest quality. The volumes contain a great amount of material drawn from the original sources and edited and interpreted by competent authorities. When complete, the series will constitute a mine of valuable information.

TO THE REVIEW has come a reprint from "The Psychological Review" (for March 1909) of an article by Dr. J. MacBride Sterrett, the Head Professor of Philosophy in the George Washington University, entitled—"The Proper Affiliation of Psychology—with Philosophy or with the Natural Sciences?" This paper is condensed from the form in which it was originally delivered, as the President's Address before the Southern Society for Philosophy and Psychology, in Baltimore, last December. Dr. Sterrett's ably-supported contention is, that Psychology in its higher meaning, as the science of *soul*, (or, to use his own phrase, psyche-psychology) finds her natural kinship to be with philosophy proper; in its more restricted sense of a 'scientific' method which confines itself to the observation of certain phenomena, mainly of a physiological character (or in their physical bearings), its place would more properly be assigned among the "natural sciences."